

# COUNTRY LIFE

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FELLOWS WILLSON.

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THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## THE HOMES OF OUR ANCESTORS

THIS must be a most inconvenient sitting-room for the evening in summer; the windows are full west."

Mrs. Bennet assured her they never sat there after dinner.

There is not the slightest reason to doubt that, in making this criticism, Lady Catherine de Bourgh was doing her best—and it always was a very good best—to make herself disagreeable; but it is equally evident, from the tone of Mrs. Bennet's answer, that she considered the comment to be based on reasonable grounds. The significant point for us to notice is the singular difference that has come to our tastes in this regard, and in regard to the site and aspect of houses in the country generally, since Miss Austen was imagining the immortal scenes of familiar life from which these sentences are cited. Certainly it would not occur to us in our none too sun-lit England of to-day that a

sitting-room was "most inconvenient" for the evenings in summer "because its window faced full west." We have no such superabundance of the sunshine that we should condemn a sitting-room on any such grounds. Very far from it; there is no better quality in a sitting-room, according to our general estimation, for the evening than that it should face "full west," and perhaps the only improvement that we could suggest on such an aspect would be that the sitting-room should be arranged on a pivot, so that it should follow the sun, like a sunflower, in its circular course, and receive throughout all the day the warmth and brightness of its rays. Of course there are days in the high summer when we do prefer a shady room in the noontide, but these are exceptional days in our climate, and at all events towards evening we seldom feel ourselves oppressed by the sun's horizontal beams. Evidently we, or our climate, have changed since the days of our ancestors of a hundred years or so ago, and, since there is no real reason to suppose any very decided change took place in the climate during that century, we come back to the conclusion that the change is chiefly in ourselves and our dispositions. It is an open question whether we are better in our tastes than our fathers. Occasionally we are given pause to consider whether they, after all, were not, now and again, the better judges. We cannot yield to them the point of Lady Catherine and of Mrs. Bennet, that a west aspect is an evil one simply because it receives too much of the sun's warmth and light; and, again, in another of Miss Austen's books, there is a sentiment with which we cannot wholly agree, expressed by one of the personages who condole with another because the latter has to go for a while to "the seaside." Evidently the seaside was regarded by these gentle ancestors of the time of Miss Austen as a place "stern and wild," "horrid and inhospitable." It is by no means with them as in the story of the young man staying in a sumptuous hotel at a modern watering-place who exclaims to his friend, "One must rough it a bit, you know, when one comes to the seaside," because the kidneys for breakfast were done in sherry instead of in Madeira. It was not, with our ancestors, the question of culinary comfort that they regarded; it was a question of climate. There was no shade by the sea, no shelter. The wind buffeted you, the sun scorched you, without a shield.

There seems no doubt at all that our ancestors attached a great deal more importance than we do to having their homes in a sheltered situation, sheltered from sun and sheltered from wind. Especially were they careful that wind should not get at them. Now, of course, it is possible to take the point of view of the man who said: "Our ancestors! Yes, and where are they? All dead!" That is quite true. But though it is true in fact it is not necessarily true as a reason for concluding that all their ideas of hygiene were wrong. If one of those ancestors of ours who is dead could come back and look on the land of the living again, many things, it is safe to say, would astonish him. And, amongst them all, perhaps none would astonish him more than the way in which we of to-day perch up our houses on the summit of every hill and eminence. The fine old houses are built down in protected places, to be sure—that, indeed, is part of our argument—and the magnificent modern mansions are ensconced in the sheltering trees of their own parks. But the tastes of the people and modern ideas of hygienic sites are to be judged by the houses—red villas for the most part—that we see perched on every available hilltop and height of the downland anywhere within reasonable reach of London. They grow, these quasi-suburban villas—in numbers, if not in any great favour—as if they knew not where to stop; and certainly it seems as if their builders thought they never could grow high enough. The main aim of our modern builder is to give us a house with an extended view, on an eminence, exposed to all the winds of heaven. Now, an extended view may be good. It is good. But is it not a mistake to give away the whole of your possible extent at the first glance—to have nothing in reserve when you go to take your walks abroad? Does not the eye weary of this eternal contemplation of a distance without a foreground? Let us leave this æsthetic question, which perhaps, as a matter of taste, is not to be discussed. Let us consider for a moment the question of hygiene, which everyone of the modern school assumes to be answered directly by getting as high as possible upon a hill. Is it certain that the answer is correct? Is it not possible that our ancestors had some argument for their contrary view? On a hilltop we receive all the winds—that blow away the microbes. Very good, perhaps they do; but, at the same time, it is to be remembered that a region of perpetual blow is very trying for the nerves, and that nerves seem to be peculiarly the modern malady. Again, the soil on the hilltop is the worst that we can find. All the light, friable, wasteable stuff has been washed or blown off into the valleys. It is not wholly good for us to live on these stubborn soils. And, for the convenience of the thing, is it certain that we do wisely thus to go perpetually to the hilltop? No doubt it is good exercise for us to mount the hill. But the hilltop, besides being a place exposed to all the winds of Dante's least agreeable circle, is the spot at which it is most difficult to be certain of an adequate supply of water—a question that presses



on modern consideration increasingly—and, for your view and for your privacy, it is infinitely more difficult to “plant out” the eyecore erected by your neighbour than if you had settled your house less loftily and given your shrubs and ornamental trees a chance of affording you an effective screen. And, by the by, it may be noticed that your garden, which is a joy to you in the sheltered valley, will be a constant anxiety on the wind-swept height. It is scarcely to be thought that these remarks will have weight with the builder of the future, but at least they may suggest compensations for those who are disposed to repine over the relative lowliness of their site.



**B**y the Royal Proclamation published in the *Gazette* of June 27th King Edward settled a matter that his subjects were in doubt about. The ceremony of Coronation is fixed for June next year in the Abbey of Westminster, and on a day to be fixed hereafter. The time is happily chosen, because it is sufficiently removed from the date of Queen Victoria's death to enable us to rejoice without showing any lack of a loving attachment to her memory, and the month, the most beautiful and agreeable which this climate produces, is eminently suitable for festivities. The long notice is rendered necessary because of the great number of people bound by the ancient usages and traditions of this realm to perform certain services pertaining to their tenure. It is so long since they were called in this practical way to acknowledge the fact of property in this country being held of the Sovereign, that there will be much study of ancient parchments to enable the lawyers to tell what has to be done. Those of us who are not called upon to undertake these duties will have all the more time allowed us wherein to consider how most appropriately to express our joy and loyalty on that occasion.

It was a very fine speech indeed that Mr. Chamberlain delivered on the occasion of the Commemoration of Dominion Day, presided over by Lord Strathcona. He soared far above the ordinary party politics of the market-place, and touched on questions that have a deep, practical interest to every student of general history or political philosophy. For there is no doubt that Great Britain at the present moment holds a position unique in the records of the world. It was pointed out quite recently by an acute French statesman that England, alike by the character of her people and her geographical situation, is really, in Lord Goschen's graphic phrase, isolated. Whether the isolation be splendid or not, it is of little consequence to enquire. But the fact is that continental nations are ever striving more and more to enter into an undertaking and combination to solve certain questions. To most of these questions, we in England have already found an answer—that we cannot enter into any union with the other European nations. The question, then, comes to be, whether they will ever be able to combine in one determined assault on England. Success would no doubt bring them a splendid reward, and they assert that it would involve no loss upon us; that even as a great tributary State the character of our people would always ensure some amount of material prosperity. They make a great mistake, however, in imagining that the British people, or the smallest fraction of the British people, would agree for one moment with any such hypothesis. The same spirit that has made this Empire will make a very hard fight to keep it, and if England fails, it will only be after a very determined struggle. No doubt Mr. Chamberlain had all this in the bottom of his mind when making that fine speech of his, and he says well that in the struggle which is to come, our safety will depend upon a patriotism which will keep all the interests of this wide Empire bound up in one.

The author of “Is War Now Possible?” has found reason from the proceedings in South Africa to revise his well-known opinions. At a lecture given before the Royal United Service

Institution on Monday, he enunciated opinions that some of us thought agreed better with the facts of the case. He now sees that his statements are true only of drilled armies that must be more or less mechanical in their manœuvres and evolutions. Firearms have been brought to such a high state of efficiency, they shoot so far, and in right hands shoot so truly, that formation in large masses is practically suicidal. Now this fact, if it be properly considered, tells very strongly against the idea that has been brought forward so often lately, because it shows that a comparatively small number of really good marksmen would be of more use in defending a position than any quantity of soldiers who were not good shots, however well drilled they might be. And this it seems is the only moral that the lay mind at least can extract from his long lecture.

All who desire to see the food supply of this country freed from adulteration, and the best chance given to the most honest manufacturer or dealer, will read with satisfaction in the Parliamentary reports that a Departmental Committee has been appointed to enquire into the alleged frauds in the butter industry; it must be a very good committee, the chairman being Mr. Horace Plunkett, who has done so much to revive the Irish dairy industry. Among the members are Sir Charles Cameron, Major Craigie, who is—as far as agriculture is concerned—the most accomplished statistician of the day, Mr. Anderson, and several others whose qualifications are as little open to question. If a Departmental Committee under any circumstances can produce a good effect, it should do so in this case.

A Blue Book issued last Saturday contains an official account of the correspondence in regard to farm burning in South Africa. Anyone reading it will be surely compelled to admit that Lord Roberts has now, as on every other occasion, been almost too lenient, and inclined to the side of mercy and charity. The complaints from the Boer side were either made in vague terms which could not be subjected to proper scrutiny, or they were backed up by falsifications. To the former of these charges, Lord Roberts very properly replied that it was idle to make such complaints unless in a definite form that would admit of their being either substantiated or disproved. In the other case, where farm burning had taken place, it had been proved to demonstration that the cause was either an act of hostility under the white flag, or an attempt to make the farm a refuge for our assailants. In fact, if the case could be submitted to any independent jury, the verdict would not be in doubt for the smallest fraction of time. The charges against the Boer men of skulking and upsetting trains were carefully ignored by their leaders. No doubt it were easy to get up a good case at any time by treating all the allegations on one side as true, whether they were proved or not, and refusing to discuss the allegations on the other.

One hardly knows how to accept the extraordinary naïveté of the statement made by some of the Boers who were discovered peacefully engaged in ploughing and sowing on their farms in the Magaliesberg district. They declared that they understood that the war had ended “in their favour.” It is a part of the country that seems to have been left for some time undisturbed, but still the statement must strike us as very astounding if true, and scarcely less remarkable in its impertinence if their ignorance of the real state of affairs were assumed. If true, it must have been a cruel shock to the peaceful farmers to find themselves thus removed from their holdings, and their stock and “mealies” confiscated, and throws a forcible light on the delusion in which it is possible that many of them still may remain. It is not easy to see that they had anything to gain by making a statement of this kind unless they actually believed the case to be as they said. One way of accepting the story is to disbelieve the very fact that farmers were found thus engaged. The crops, at all events, seem to have made a growth scarcely less than miraculous considering the season.

The motor-car race from Paris to Berlin is an incident of importance outside the region of locomotion. Probably in originating it the members of the Automobile Club in France and Germany did not think of anything except the popularisation of their favourite vehicle. Least of all did they hope to produce any political effect. Yet all those who have taken seriously the incessant mutterings of wrath and anger at Paris, and assumed that they were signs of an undying hatred between two nations, must be agreeably surprised. When Frenchmen and Germans consent to become competitors in the latest and most fashionable pastime, it is safe to assume that much of the old hostility has passed away, and “Let us have a motor match” seems to be the modern equivalent of letting a lion lie down with a lamb. Every incident of this kind is so much towards repealing the policy of *la revanche*.

They appear to be growing a little tired of the perpetual accidents in the automobile races in France, which seem likely

to raise the rate of mortality among children very considerably. And France has need of all her children. At all events, it is probable that the Legislature will prohibit any more racing in the motor-cars. M. Waldeck Rousseau has stated the intention of the Government to issue a general order for the regulation of the speed of autocars, but he has not yet stated what the maximum of lawful speed will be, merely saying that no pace greater than is usual for road traffic will be authorised. The cars, he added, will be obliged to bear conspicuous numbers, so that the accidents can be brought home the more easily to those who are responsible.

This year the railway race to the North is keener than ever it was before, and the three railway companies engaged had a trial of strength on July 1st, when the Midland Company had an opportunity of trying the new engines specially built for the contest. Results worked out as follows: The Midland train was advertised to leave St. Pancras at 9.30 a.m., and arrive in Edinburgh at 6.5 p.m., and it was just one minute late. The Euston train was timed to start at 10 a.m., and arrive at 6.15 p.m., but it was nineteen minutes late. The King's Cross train was also timed from 10 a.m. to 6.15 p.m., and saved fourteen minutes on the journey. It is very doubtful if the average passenger has any reason to be grateful for these strenuous attempts to gain a few minutes in an eight hours' journey. Our own experience is that when the driver sets himself to make up time, the discomforts of travelling are vastly increased. The carriage begins to sway and bump, so that if you are reading it grows difficult to keep your eyes on the book; if you are taking a leisurely meal you cannot guide a fork or spoon straight to its natural destination; what you have to drink is churned, and when you try to put a glass to your mouth there is a chance of giving your neighbour a shower-bath. Conversation is done in shouting, and so swiftly are you whirled along that looking out of the window is a bore. How gladly one would lose a few minutes if letters could be written with any comfort!

Professor Story Maskelyne has written to the *Times* a letter on the milk standard that probably will not please the dairy farmers round London, although it is really in their interests. He ridicules those who cry out against the injustice of prosecuting a milk-seller for adulteration, when possibly he may be selling the product exactly as it came from the cow. He says: "The farmer must waken up to a higher ideal of his business, and not be content with having a herd of shorthorns milked, or may be not completely milked, and sending the churns to the nearest railway station, *en route* to a middleman who grinds him down to a price that barely enables him to live his easy life." In a word, he must improve his breed of cows, and, consequently, the quality of his milk, which incidentally would have this result—that when the churns were returned, which, to his despair, often happens now, the milk would be of a quality tempting him to turn it into excellent butter or cheese. He has allowed an industry to slip out of his grasp, and Mr. Hanbury's insistence on a high standard might possibly help him to regain it.

A correspondent who has been in Marshland writes as follows: "I walked about twelve miles along the sea-wall of the tidal river Crouch, whose dark wavelets kept lap lapping and twinkling in the wind and sunlight, while a thousand white-sailed yachts moved hither and thither on its surface, and here and there a huge high-loaded barge of hay made slower progress. How green and pleasant the reclaimed saltings are! I was informed that much more has been made out of the land there during the last few years. There are many times more strawberries cultivated than used to be the case, more green peas and more vegetables of every kind, for which London has an appetite that appears unassuageable. Nor are the old crops quite abandoned either, as the wheat's dark green remains to prove. It may possibly be unremunerative directly, at the prices now prevailing, although rent is smaller than in the old days, but a certain amount of corn growing is almost necessary on a farm, and if the value of indirect advantages could be accurately ascertained, perhaps a balance could be established. At any rate, as far as one can judge from the prevalent tone of conversation, the wail that used to rise for agriculture is dying away, to say the least of it."

Another correspondent, who happens to write at the same time from the East Coast of Scotland, and who is less utilitarian, as becomes an artist, writes: "Why don't you get in the way of rising in the early morning? Just after sunrise I had to do a stretch of several miles, and never remember to have seen a landscape so expressive of tenderness and purity. The wild mustard made such a tender yellow on the cornlands, and along the wayside were tiny bushes of wild rose with fresh dewy pink and vivid bloom. And there were sweet pastures with kine in them, and grey hills with grey flocks of sheep that seemed no more than a deeper shade of colour. You know there are

small groups of cottages built of stone and red tiles; not a wisp of smoke was rising from one of the chimneys, and only the poultry and an endless number of domestic cats ran on the garden fences, or larked in the road. I think the wild birds, too, are so much more tame here, sparrows, and green linnets, and yellow-hammers, and those lovely chaffinches. One cottage roof was run over by a plant of honeysuckle in full bloom. How it perfumed the dewy morning air! White gulls often flew over, for the great sea, so majestic in its blue immensity, stretches away from the rocks below the road." We do not want to be always thinking of pounds, shillings, and pence, and perhaps some of our readers may be glad to read this pretty description that never was meant to be turned into copy.

Whether the old morality play which the Elizabethan Stage Society proposes to revive will be of great interest as a dramatic piece is doubtful enough, but certainly it will be very interesting to see on the stage the germ out of which the Shakespearean drama (to speak of our theatrical plays at their apotheosis) sprang, and so, more or less directly, the modern drama, such as it is. Its interest will be historical, and we shall most likely be filled with wonder and admiration of our forefathers, who were able to look on with patience at an affair that had so little relation to real life. And yet we all look with the deepest interest, and without any impatience of the conventionalities, at the greatest of all miracle plays, the Passion Play at Oberammergau. Perhaps the truth is, that in the most realistic of plays there is bound to be so much which is conventional and unreal that a little more or less of the conventionality makes no difference. The play, "Every Man," dating from the fifteenth century, will be given in the Charterhouse at 4.30 p.m. on July 13th, and will be followed by an "episode"—"The Sacrifice of Isaac"—from the Chester miracle play, a yet older production.

Mr. Prince, the great Oxfordshire rose grower, says that he never has known a season so favourable for the beautiful flower that he affects peculiarly. Everywhere, it would seem, there has been a great profusion of bloom, but the gale of last Sunday week, coming just in the wealth of the first bloom, did cruel damage to the plants in exposed places, injuring not only the full-blown flower, but even the forming bud. Cockchafers, caterpillars, and ants have claimed their share in spoiling the beauty of the rose garden. But in spite of all drawbacks much beauty remains.

To the casual observer going along Kentish roads, the hops look green and blooming enough, but the farmer, unhappily, knows to his cost that they are afflicted not only with the yellow disease, but also with the vermin. It is indeed a very bad year for vermin of the insect kind on all plants, and naturally especially hard on the hops, which are always liable to suffer so much from this plague.

Something is very wrong with the pheasants this year. There was difficulty in their hatching out, as was the case with domestic poultry also. But since the hatch out they have been dying in great numbers of a disease that seems to be infectious, with symptoms of congestion of the blood, beginning in the pulmonary region. To say this is not to say much by way of diagnosis, but it seems about all there is to say. The effect is a very heavy death-rate. We hope better things of the partridges, but we fear for them too.

The Australian "bowlers" seem to have fallen in with better opponents, on going North to Scotland, than we could find for them in our local teams of the South Country. Scotland has ever been a great land for bowls; is not that game the equivalent on turf of the famous "curling" on the ice? At Galashiels, for example, the Australians met more than their match in the local bowlers, and were defeated by thirty points. Our visiting lawn tennis players, Mr. Dwight Davis and Mr. Ward, have beaten a fairly representative pair in Mr. Hillyard and Dr. Eaves, but the matches were very close; and judges who did their best to be unprejudiced declared that Mr. Hillyard's play was the best shown by any of the four. Their doings are dealt with more fully elsewhere.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

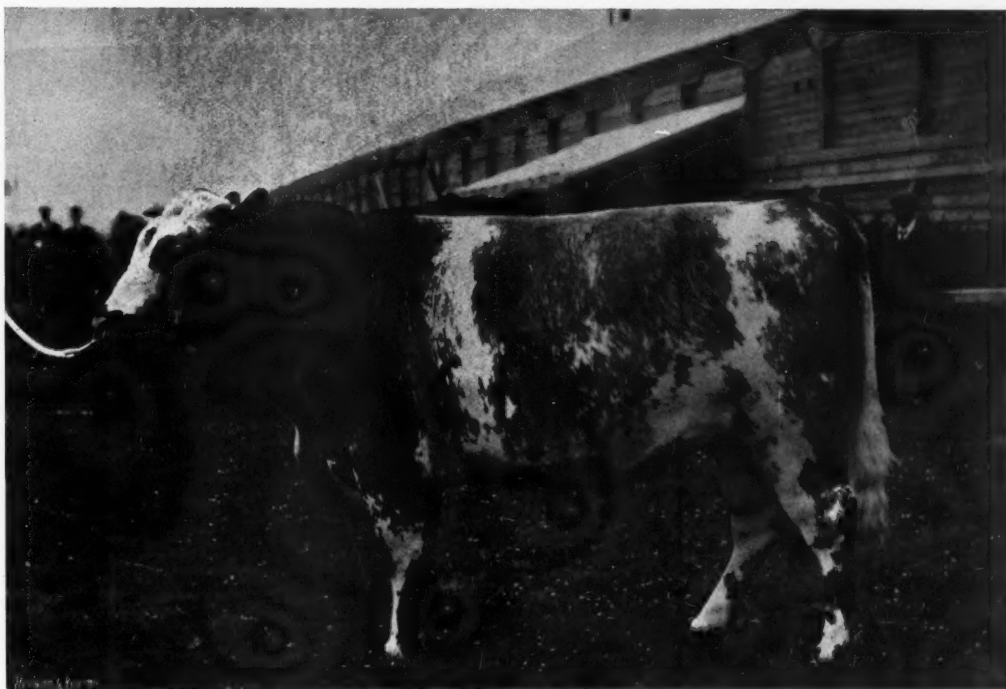
OUR readers will be pleased to find that our frontispiece this week is the latest portrait taken of the Countess of Warwick. Lady Warwick has already appeared on this page, and it would be quite an act of superfluity to give any biographical particulars of one whose career is so familiar to the public. But there is an especial fitness in publishing the portrait just now, because next week is held the annual meeting of the Hostel at Reading, which has been so pronounced a success.



## THE ROYAL SHOW AT CARDIFF.

THE Royal Show at Cardiff, which began on Wednesday in last week and terminated on Monday in this, was, unfortunately, instrumental in attracting the smallest entry of live-stock that has been received since the gathering took place at Preston in 1885, whilst never so short an entry of implements has been made since Newcastle in 1887. The horse classes in particular were conspicuously weak in numbers, though in some sections several animals of the highest merit were exhibited; but, sad to relate, in spite of the extreme shortness of the entry, the number of absentees reduced some of the competitions to the level of a farce. For instance, only forty hunters were entered in nine classes, and of this insignificant total, seventeen animals were either absent or else failed to pass the veterinary examination. Of hackneys there were forty-four entries in ten classes, and ten of the entries were absent from competition; and yet nineteen years ago, upon the occasion of the Royal Show being held at Cardiff, there were 110 hunters in eight classes, and fifty-six hackneys in four. Consequently, it cannot entirely be owing to the fact that Cardiff is, by comparison with some other sites, an out-of-the-way place that the shrinkage of support from exhibitors is due, but rather to other causes, familiar enough to those who are in the habit of frequenting agricultural shows, and which, happily enough, are easy of removal if grappled with before it is too late.

From a pecuniary standpoint, the show just concluded is likely to be regarded as a success, as the payments for admission on the opening day exceeded those of the last four years by a very considerable number, and on the popular days the attendances were extremely large; but even with this consolatory fact in view, it must candidly be admitted that the last Royal, the penultimate show of a movable nature which the society will hold, proved a disappointment to visitors, and failed to contribute to the prestige of the leading agricultural body of the world. It is therefore to be hoped, that the day is not far off when the Royal will be found to be more in touch with the main body of exhibitors—that some of the harassing regulations which are now enforced will be relaxed, that the men in charge of stock will cease



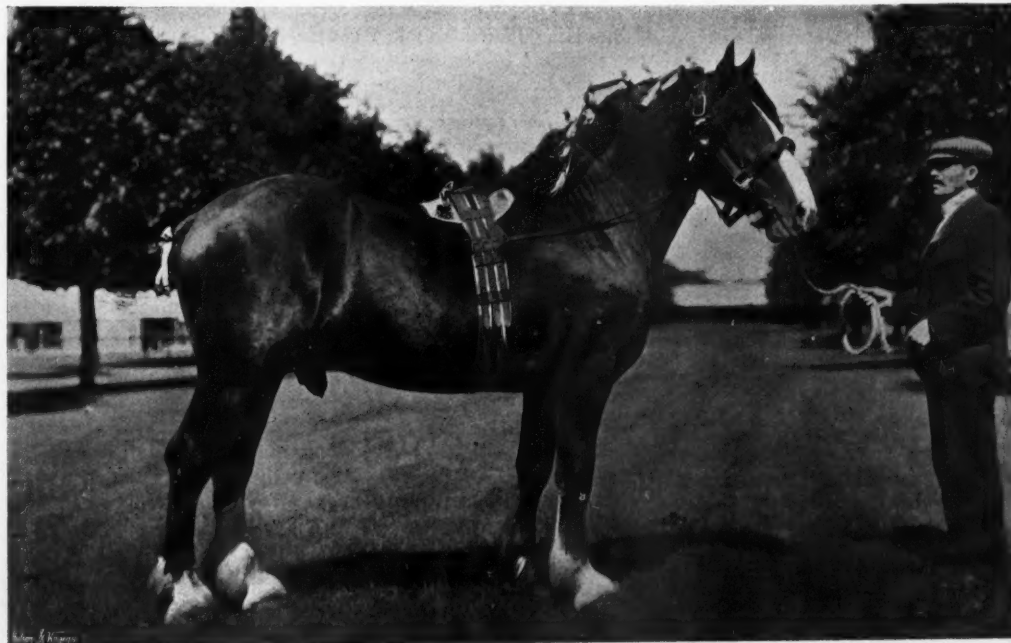
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THE KING'S CHAMPION SHORTHORN.

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to be fined for offences which are overlooked elsewhere, that their comforts will be better studied, that the catering arrangements for the public will be improved, and that some consideration will be shown to visitors in the way of announcing the numbers of the winning animals, for at the show just over some of the telegraph boards in the horse rings were not used at all. These are all matters which assist in making the Royal unpopular, and with reference to the last-mentioned there is absolutely no excuse to be made, for the public who pay five shillings for admission to witness the judging at a show, and one shilling for a catalogue, have at least a right to expect that some assistance will be afforded them in learning which animals have won, and particularly so when the telegraph boards are in the rings, though such apparatus without men to work them might as well have been dispensed with altogether.

The most successful exhibitor in the depleted hunter classes was Mr. H. B. Cory, whose well-known St. Mallow, a chestnut of nice quality, beat his solitary opponent in the weight-carriers, and who won first in four year olds with the nice-actioned, powerfully-built St. Fagans, a horse who inherited just a little of the plainness of his sire, Glory Smitten. Mr. Cory also secured premier honours in three year old geldings with the chestnut St. Mellons, very muscular but a little down in his back, and second in light-weight mares or geldings with St. Donats to Mr. John Drage's very fine chestnut Bryan, a great horse all round. The hackneys were a good lot, though numerically weak, several of the best-known winners of the day being included amongst the competitors. The championship for stallions here fell to Sir Walter Gilbey's home-bred Bonny Danegelt, the reserve for that honour being secured by Mr. F. Wrenche's Irish-bred colt Fitz-Rose, who, it may be remembered, took first last spring at the Agricultural Hall. The former of these animals is regarded by many as very nearly the best hackney living; and a grand mare likewise is Mr. Livesey's Orange Blossom, who took the mare championship, the reserve, Mr. J. Makeague's Hermione, being also very smart, as are Mr. R. Hussey's filly Puzzle and



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CLYDESDALE STALLION, BARON'S CROWN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Mr. H. V. Sherringham's Creak Matchless, both of whom won in their respective classes, and thereby added to the already considerable list of successes they have scored. There was nothing in the saddle section to arouse enthusiasm, excepting Mr. Batchelor's beautiful Wild Agnes, a superb mare—indeed, there were only three competitors in the two classes; whilst in the harness competition there was much room for improvement, though Mr. Frank Leigh's Phoebe Watton—who made a most successful first appearance in the show-ring, and is very smart, and will be smarter still when she gains manners begotten of confidence in herself—and Mr. W. Foster's pony Lady Horace—who defeated the high-actioned Lord Go-Bang—are both good enough for any company. The polo pony judging took many by surprise, especially when the Rev. D. B. Montefiore's Zither, a good but rather plain-headed little mare, was placed for the championship over Mr. John Barker's bloodlike Lightning and Jeanie. The decisions in the yearling polo ponies proved an entire reversal of those recorded at the club show of the Polo Pony Society held at the Agricultural Hall in the spring, as a then highly-commended animal won, the winner upon that occasion being now highly commended, whilst the places of the animals occupying intermediate positions were also changed, the result being that now no one exactly knows what a polo pony should be, though the consensus of opinion favours the decisions at the club show and not those at the Royal.

Shire horses were the best represented of any of the heavy

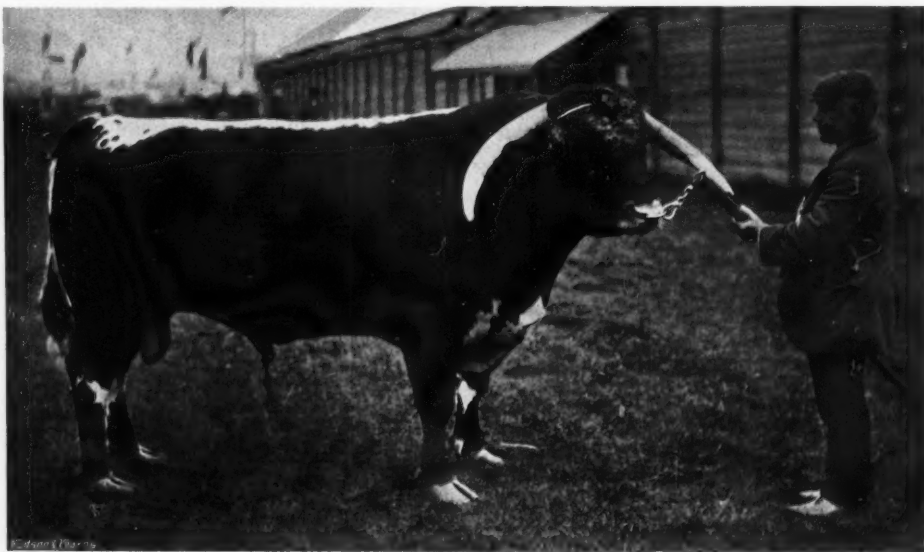


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### JUDGING SHORTHORN BULLS.

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breed at Cardiff, the championship for stallions falling to Messrs. Thompson's Desford Combination, who made so strong a bid for a similar honour at the London show of the Shire Horse Society, the Duke of Westminster securing the reserve with the bay Phenomenon III. Lord Rothschild with the very typical bay Birdsall Menestrel, and Lord Llangatock with Hendre Royal Albert, respectively won first and second prizes in the yearling stallion class, in which His Majesty the King was third with the Sandringham-bred Topsman Blend, a bay who looks like improving upon this performance as he grows older.



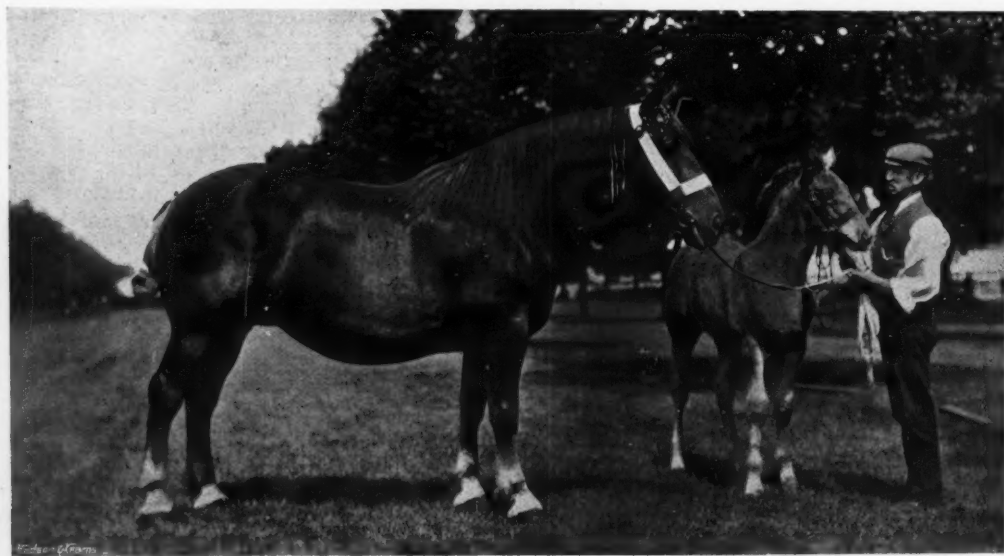
C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

### WOOTON WONDER.

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The King likewise took a couple of highly-commended prizes in yearling fillies, in which class Lord Llangatock won with Hendre Birthright, and Sir Walter Gilbert was well to the fore in three year olds with Fenland Lady, the mare championship falling to Mr. F. Crisp's well-known prize five year old Southgate Charm, Earl Egerton receiving the reserve with Lockinge Athena, a very shapely, fine-feathered brown.

The shorthorn entry showed a falling off, but the quality in this section was very good, His Majesty winning in the bulls with the beautifully-topped roan Royal Duke, who afterwards very properly won the championship, whilst second fell to another Royal representative, namely, the roan Pride of Collynie, who has also won many prizes upon former occasions. A grand specimen of this valuable breed is likewise Mr. J. D. Willis's three year old white heifer, White Heather, who was awarded the championship of her sex, the award being



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### THE LADY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



generally endorsed, though the prejudice which at one time existed so strongly against her colour has not entirely subsided.

A considerable amount of interest attached to the classes for Lincolnshire red shorthorns, which were new features of the catalogue, but when seen the animals did not gain many new friends, though they undoubtedly are useful; whilst the Jerseys were the smallest collection seen at a Royal show for many years, though several fine animals, such as the Duke of Marlborough's Dewey, were included amongst them. Perhaps, however, the Dexters were the finest lot ever brought into a show-ring, the winning bull, Mr. Cookson's La Mancha Union Jack, a well-known show animal, and Mrs. Paisley's first prize cow, Upminster Red Skin, being as fine specimens of the breed as a judge could wish to find before him.

The sheep, though good, contained nothing of the sensational element about them; whilst the pig classes were chiefly conspicuous for the successes gained by the representatives of Sir Gilbert Greenall's herd, which secured two championships, and two reserves for championships in whites. The poultry show was a great feature of this year's Royal, as the entries were more numerous than usual, and the merits of the exhibits very high.



THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON'S SOUTHDOWN RAM.

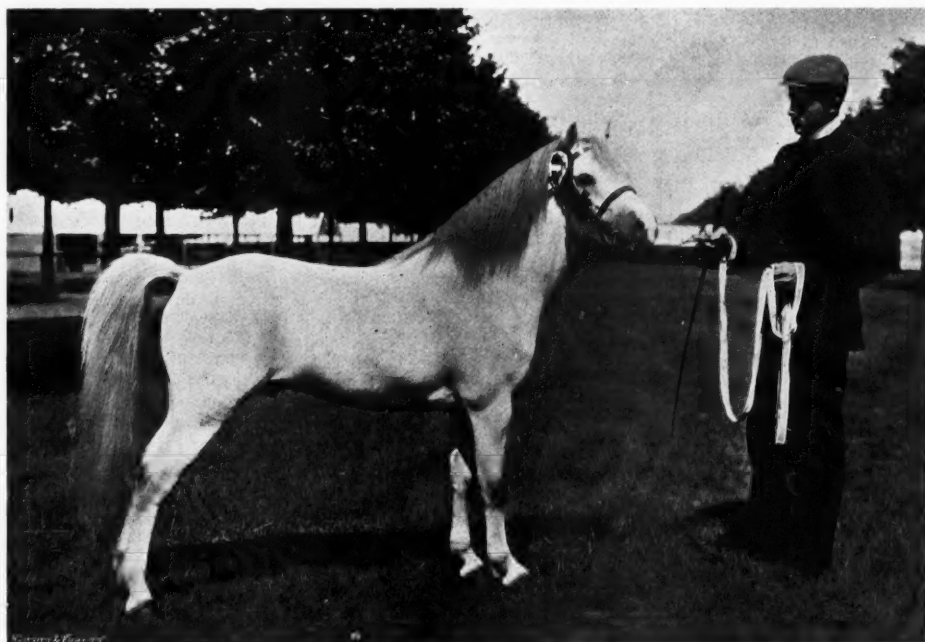
flowers in bloom, and samples of roots, corn, and peas—in all a most interesting and varied collection. Attention should also be directed to the pamphlet published by this firm on the subject of a new method in the selection of root crops for seed, in which some useful information is conveyed to the public in general and agriculturists in particular.

One conclusion to be drawn from the show is, that the Royal Agricultural Society has not done much good to itself by practically inviting the criticism it has received during the last twelve months. Now that the question of ground is settled, we hope it will go on improving the show in silence without attention being directed to its real or alleged shortcomings.

## ON THE GREEN.

IT has been suggested to me that, among the shocks that our golfing forefathers would receive if they were to come back to life and knowledge of the golf of the present day, would be the golf that is played on inland courses. In these notes last week I numbered among the shocks the four-ball match taking the once-so-honoured place of the ordinary foursome, in which each of a pair plays alternately with one ball, and the proposition for a ladies' championship on the Royal and Ancient links. But no doubt

it is almost equally shocking to our crusted prejudices to find the editor of *Golf Illustrated* gravely suggesting Woking and Huntercombe as possible courses on which to play the masculine championships. Of Huntercombe

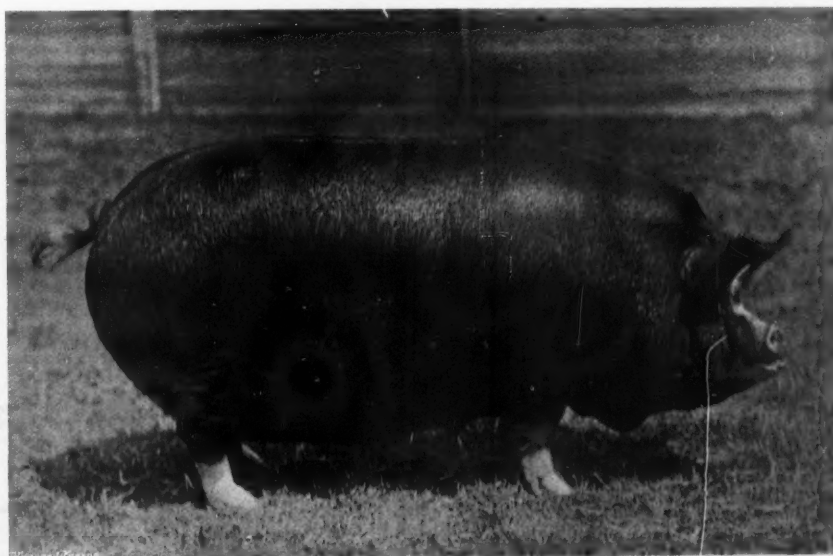


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STARLIGHT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The show-ground at Cardiff conformed almost exactly to Euclid's definition of a straight line, as it certainly possessed length without breadth, for it was over one mile long, and quite disproportionately narrow. This entailed many of the stands of well-known exhibitors being left unvisited by their friends, but there was no missing the imposing two-storied structure erected by Messrs. Sutton and Sons of Reading, which has formed so prominent a feature of many former Royals. Here those versed in the mysteries of horticulture and agriculture could delight their eyes at the sight of rare flowers most beautifully arranged in festoons, and intermixed with tomatoes of many varieties and colours, which, having been cultivated in pots, were readily adapted to the purposes of decoration. A choice selection of grasses and roots, suitable, as thousands of Messrs. Sutton's customers in all parts of the world will testify, to all conditions of soil and climate, was also on show, and much interest was displayed by visitors in the huge iron receptacles in which Messrs. Sutton despatch their goods to foreign climes, these cases being necessary for the safety of the seeds and tender bulbs. Messrs. Carter of High Holborn had also a stand on the show ground near the entrance, and here some very charming collections of grasses formed a welcome contrast to the arid waste in front. Messrs. Carter also had a display of plants and



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DANESFIELD HUNTRESS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

I know nothing, except by hearsay, and all that I have heard said is good; but of Woking I know enough to know that it is the best inland course I have played on. And if we could ensure the conditions of the course being perfect, I should be quite ready to vote for the proposition of the editor of *Golf Illustrated* so far as Woking is concerned, and also, I doubt not, if I knew Huntercombe, for that course too. But one cannot ensure perfect conditions. It may be too dry or it may be too wet for perfection; and it appears to me that the imperfections occasioned by drought or by deluge are very much more in evidence on the inland soil, which is, generally speaking, of clay, than on the seaside course, which, again in a general way of speaking, is of sand. Drought and deluge affect the seaside sandy courses less; and therein, *me judice*, must be their distinct advantage over the inland places as the arenas (or are they arenas?) of a competition of which the date must necessarily be fixed long before the event. Lord Wemyss, always inspired with novel ideas, has a letter in *Golf Illustrated* suggesting a means of making a good game out of golf in a park that has no lying "through the green"—that is, in fact, just pasture meadow. "Tee up," Lord Wemyss virtually says, "after each good shot. Then you are sure of a good lie as the reward of virtuous play—which does not happen always, even at St. Andrews itself, in 'golf as she is played.'" If the putting greens are fairly good, this certainly makes a good game, and a better game than you can get by hammering away through long grass. Circumstances alter cases. This proverbial truism, it seems to me, is being a little ignored in the discussions which we read in one or two places about the scores for the open championship—that is to say, the comparisons between the winning scores returned lately. It is found that for several years there has been little difference in the scores, and the inference is drawn that the quality of the best golf shown in each year has been very even. But this, in my humble opinion, is argument that ignores the different circumstances "that alter cases" on the different greens. Without going into the question of the comparison any further, I think that all who saw, or even who heard of, Taylor's play and Taylor's score in the championship of 1900 at St. Andrews, will admit that this was very distinctly the finest exhibition that the open championship has given us at all. It was quite extraordinary. None of the other winning scores of recent years come near it for excellence, so far as I can estimate them, at all. Estimates based on the similarity of scores returned at dissimilar links can hardly be very exact.

We have occupied so much space in these minor polemics that none is left for the discussion of recent golf. There has not, however, been much that is worth discussion in recent golf, so in this happy state (of dull, or empty, annals) let us leave it.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

## POLO NOTES.

LOOKING back over the past week, the two chief points seem to be the Ranelagh Open Cup ties and the local tournaments in the various centres by which teams are chosen to compete in the County Cup semi-finals and finals at Hurlingham. The Ranelagh Open Cup began well. As is well known, in this tournament the holders play the team which has won in the earlier stages of the tournament. The challengers were this year numerous, and the teams included most of the leading players of the day. There was a team from the Wellington Club, consisting entirely of officers of the 7th Hussars—this regiment is the present holder of the Inter-regimental Cup—Mr. Mackey's team, the four men who gave the Old Cantabs so much trouble in the Champion Cup, the Freebooters, for whom Lord Charles Bentinck (9th Lancers) was playing, the Students, and last, but not least, Rugby. While, therefore, there was every promise of interesting play in the earlier stages of the tournament, there seemed a fair certainty of a splendid final; in fact, we looked forward to seeing Rugby and the Old Cantabs fight their battles over again. The conditions would

necessarily have been different, for the Ranelagh ground is larger than that at Hurlingham and of a different shape, and such matters make a great difference. Everything seemed to be going well. Rugby defeated Mr. Mackey's team, who did not play particularly well, and the Old Cantabs, evidently returned to form, beat a good Hurlingham four on Saturday week. Wellington, too, came out well, and showed us that soldiers' polo had in no sense diminished in excellence. Indeed, to beat the Freebooters required good form. But on Wednesday one of the many chances that are met with in polo upset all our calculations. Mr. E. D. Miller put his shoulder out when playing with the Students. This was to deprive the Rugby team of their No. 3, their captain, and their most reliable player. Good as the other men have proved themselves to be, they knew better than anyone how great a misfortune had befallen them. Rugby were, however, not beaten, for they at once substituted Lord Shrewsbury. This was a good choice, as he knows the game, has fast and handy ponies, and plays up to his very best form in a Rugby team. The accident thus left them a strong team still, but was of course a great disappointment, as we wished to see Rugby and the Old Cantabs. So far I wrote as the matches were going on. Now I take up my pen again to record the actual final. Rugby beat the Wellington team, and thus qualified for the final. There has not often been a bigger crowd at Ranelagh, and I am assured on the best authority that the show of frocks was equal to Ascot itself, if indeed it did not surpass that seen there. But turning my back on the gay crowd, and the possibilities of distraction and gossip, I climbed into the watch-tower which the thoughtfulness of the management has provided for the benefit of those who wish to see the polo undisturbed. The teams were the same as those for the Champion Cup, with, of course, the exception that Lord Shrewsbury played in Mr. E. D. Miller's place. Every polo match has its points to note, and in this game two features stood out. It was a fast game, with the scores twice even, yet there was not a single foul given against either side by the umpires, Captain Renton and Mr. A. Rawlinson. Then the combined runs of Mr. George Miller and Mr. Walter Jones went far to give Rugby their victory. For Rugby won, and that in a decisive manner. Never at any time in the course of the match did the Old Cantabs look like winners. But for the splendid way Mr. Buckmaster saved his goal once or twice when the ball was all but over the fatal line, the score might have been more against the Old Cantabs than it was. Mr. McCreery was too anxious, and possibly in the excitement of the moment in the early part of the game forgot that he was No. 4, and was several times badly out of his place. With forwards like Mr. Freake and Mr. Godfrey Heseltine it is quite unnecessary for a back to come up to No. 2—or No. 1. In this case it was little less than disastrous. This enabled Mr. George Miller several times to take possession of the ball, and to make almost uninterrupted runs, with Mr. Walter Jones ready to drop on to the ball and score at the right moment. Lord Shrewsbury made every use of his fast ponies. The Rugby Club established their claim to be the champion team of the year, and won the Ranelagh Open Cup by six goals to two.

Then the Blackmore Vale team, who have already established their claim to be in the semi-finals of the County Cup at Hurlingham, were pitted against a strong Ranelagh Club team—Captain Wormald, Captain Renton, Mr. J. Hornsby, and Major Vaughan. The county team were Messrs. A. F. Drake, J. Hargreaves, H. Boden, and Captain Phipps Hornby. Up to the present I have thought that in the final of the County Cup Eden Park might well prove a winning team, but the Blackmore Vale won in such good style against the fairly strong team mentioned above that they ought to have a good chance of carrying the cup to Dorsetshire.

There was a considerable movement from Ranelagh to Hurlingham after the first match was decided at the former club. The matches at Hurlingham were good, and North v. South was full of interesting play, yet this game and the one that followed, Heavy Weights v. Light Weights, had no particular points of interest, save that the Heavy team once more showed that, other things being equal, weight is a most undoubted advantage to a polo team. X.

## AN EXPERIMENT IN SANITATION.

By G. V. POORE, M.D.

THIS cottage is represented (see Fig. 1) not because of any architectural beauty, but because it presents points of interest. It forms the Lodge of Gallagher's Copse, which is a mile from Andover Junction, just outside the borough boundary. The borough having recently adopted the Model Bye-laws of the Local Government Board, it became necessary to trek over the border in order to escape from possible hindrances and prohibitions—an important matter, because the owner is, in the matter of house-building, an experimentalist. The soil is chalk. The foundations were laid out by the aid of a compass, in order to ensure that one angle of the cottage should point due north. This arrangement ensures that there is a possibility of some sunshine upon every wall of the house at every season of the year. The accommodation consists (see Fig. 2) of a living-room (L), three bedrooms (B, B, B), scullery and wash-house (S), glazed verandah (V, V), earth closet (C), wood-house (W), and rain-water tank (T).

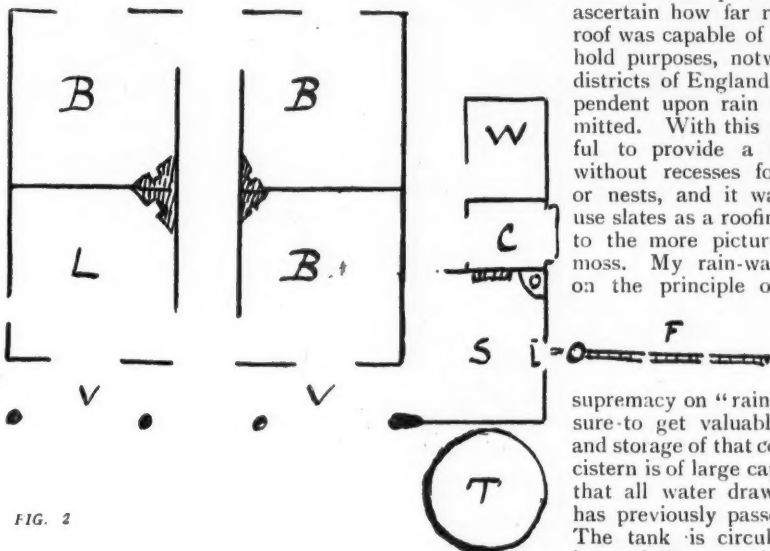


FIG. 1.  
VIEW OF COTTAGE.



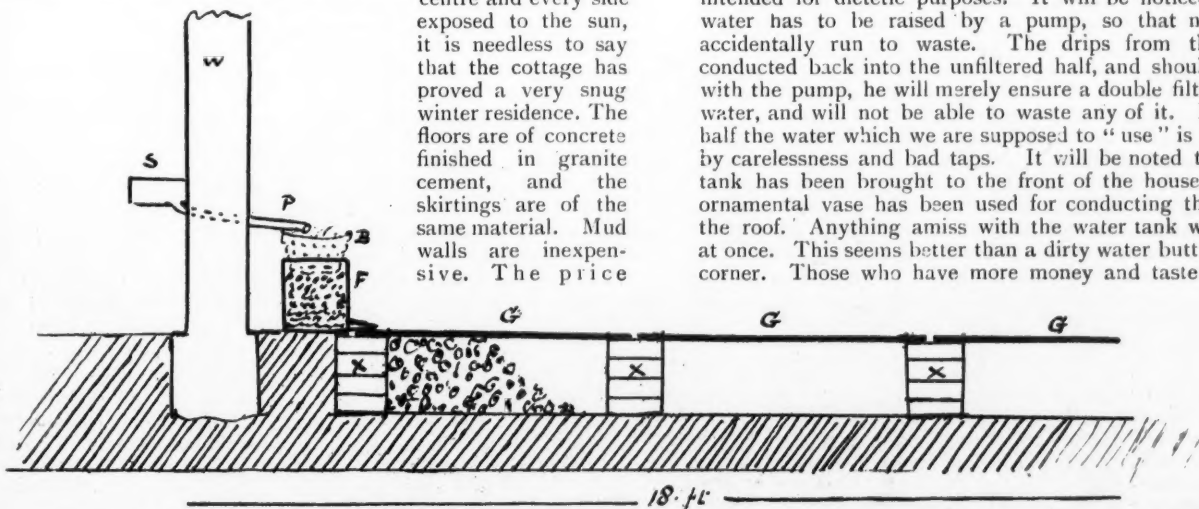
In the house it will be noticed that there is a door front and back, so that the passage can be swept by a thorough draught; that no room communicates directly with any other room; and that every room has a fireplace, which, from the point of view of ventilation, is most important. No fireplace is placed against an outside wall. The chimneys do not get chilled, and "draw" admirably.

This cottage contains what ought to be the minimum accommodation, viz., a living-room, and a bedroom each for parents, boys, and girls. The scullery and wash-house is so placed that although it can be reached under cover, the smell of cooking and the steam of washing need not invade the dwelling-house. The earth closet is well removed from the rooms, but, nevertheless, can be reached under cover, *via* verandah and wash-house. The walls are built of "mud," with rough-cast on the outside. Mud (*i.e.*, chalk puddled up with a certain proportion of straw), flints, and timber are the only building materials found in the district. Most of the clay-pits in the immediate vicinity have been long worked out, and there is no stone. Mud is a non-conductor of heat, and is consequently a very warm material. It is said in the district that frozen water-pipes are very uncommon in mud houses. It is very lasting, provided it be kept dry. Mud walling should be begun in March, and should not be carried on after the beginning of September. It is not advisable to hurry your operations. Foundations are necessary for mud walls, and these should be of flint, concrete, brick, or stone. The mud is 15 in. thick, and with rough-cast on the outside and a lining of match-boarding the thickness of the walls is about 17 in., and the fireplaces being all in the



*Plan of Cottage. L. living room  
B.B.B. bed. rooms. S. scullery. C. earth closet  
W. wash-house. V.V. verandah.  
T. Rain-water tank. F. Slop-filter & filtration filter*

centre and every side exposed to the sun, it is needless to say that the cottage has proved a very snug winter residence. The floors are of concrete finished in granite cement, and the skirtings are of the same material. Mud walls are inexpensive. The price



*S. Sink. W. base of Cottage. P. waste-pipe. B. Basket containing straw. F. Filter.  
G. Cast-iron filtration filter, supported in brick by (X) columns of brick on edge*

FIG. 3.

paid for the walls of the above cottage was 5s. per perch, *i.e.*, a piece of wall 1 ft. high, 15 in. thick, and 16½ ft. long. Some of my friends hint that I have paid more than the present market price.

The Model Bye-laws of the Local Government Board say that the walls of a dwelling-house must be of hard and incombustible material bonded together by good mortar or cement. Now as mud is not hard, contains straw, and is not bonded with anything, it is doubtfully by-legal in districts which have adopted

these Model Bye-laws. In the late fire at Andover it was found that while the thatched roofs blazed the old mud walls of the cottages withstood the fury of the flames. When the tendency of bye-laws is to boycott a local building material and to extinguish a local industry, the pros and cons ought to be very carefully considered.

An interesting feature of this cottage is the rain-water tank. Although I have a deep well close at hand which supplies an abundance of pure water, I was anxious to ascertain how far rain water falling on the roof was capable of being utilised for household purposes, notwithstanding that in some districts of England cottages which are dependent upon rain water only are not permitted. With this end in view, I was careful to provide a very plain, simple roof, without recesses for the lodgment of dirt or nests, and it was this which led me to use slates as a roofing material in preference to the more picturesque tiles which grow moss. My rain-water tank is constructed on the principle of the Venetian cistern.

In a city which reached the highest pinnacles of commercial and artistic supremacy on "rain water," one is tolerably sure to get valuable ideas for the collection and storage of that commodity. The Venetian cistern is of large capacity, and is so arranged that all water drawn from the central well has previously passed through a sand filter. The tank is circular in form, having an internal diameter of 7 ft., and a depth of 10 ft. It is divided down the centre by a diaphragm,

which is perforated at the bottom by three agricultural drain pipes. Each half of the tank contains 3 ft. of filtering material consisting of (from above, down) 1 ft. of coarse gravel,

1 ft. of fine gravel, and 1 ft. of sand. The rain water which falls from the roof passes through two strainers contained in an ornamental vase, and then, before being pumped, passes down through 1 ft. of coarse gravel, 1 ft. of fine gravel, and 1 ft. of sand, and up through a similar filter, before it can be drawn from the pump. The tank is constructed entirely of cement concrete, and the pump has a copper suction pipe. It was important to avoid the use of lead, iron, or galvanised iron for the storage of rain water intended for dietetic purposes. It will be noticed that all the water has to be raised by a pump, so that none of it can accidentally run to waste. The drips from the pump are conducted back into the unfiltered half, and should a boy play with the pump, he will merely ensure a double filtration for the water, and will not be able to waste any of it. I believe that half the water which we are supposed to "use" is merely wasted by carelessness and bad taps. It will be noted that the water tank has been brought to the front of the house, and that an ornamental vase has been used for conducting the water from the roof. Anything amiss with the water tank will be noticed at once. This seems better than a dirty water butt in an obscure corner. Those who have more money and taste will, I hope,

soon outdo me in this direction. I commend the rain-water tank to the attention of architects.

It may be well to dwell for a moment on the powers of this roof as a rain collector. The area of the roof is (approximately) 1,100 square feet, and if the annual rainfall fluctuate between 24 in. and 30 in., then the amount of rain falling upon the roof will vary from 2,200 cubic feet to 2,750 cubic feet. If we take a cubic foot as the equivalent of 6½ gallons, then we may say

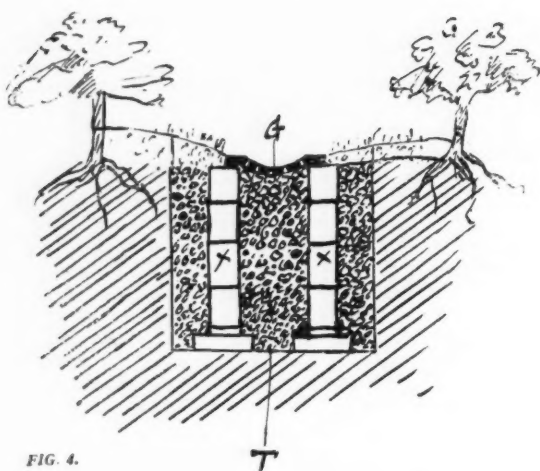


FIG. 4.

T. Trench 18" x 18" filled with coarse rubble supported on bricks on edge (X).  
G Cast-iron filtration gutter

that the amount of rain annually falling on the roof will fluctuate between 13,750 gallons and 17,187 gallons. If we put the average water supply of the roof at 15,000 gallons a year, or rather more than forty gallons a day, we shall not be far wrong.

Water experts say that in towns we want a supply of forty gallons per head per diem. The dweller in the clean country is content with much less than this, and I feel convinced that ten gallons a day is an extravagant estimate for the daily supply of a perfectly clean peasant who does clothes-washing at home, but has not the power of wasting water.

The storage capacity of the tank is about 1,600 gallons, or forty gallons a day for a drought of six weeks. The water is excellent, odourless and colourless, and altogether very unlike ordinary rain water.

The disposal of slop water is always an important consideration in cottage management. Usually this means slop water plus roof water, but in this cottage the roof water has been provided for. The amount of slops, allowance being made for evaporation in cooking, and washing and drinking, must always be considerably less than the water consumed. Economy in the use of water lessens the slop difficulty.

In this instance the slops are strained and filtered, and allowed to flow away in a "filtration gutter," to be presently described. The arrangements are on the south side of the cottage, well exposed to the sun, so as to favour evaporation.

The sink is just beneath the window of the scullery, and the waste-pipe, without trap of any kind, passes through the wall, and terminates in a free end about 18in. from the wall and 2ft. 6in. above the level of the ground. The waste-pipe empties itself into a strainer and filter, which are placed about 15in. from the cottage wall, so as to avoid the risk of splash or back soakings or accumulations of "dirt" and insects between the wall and the filter. The strainer is placed on the top of the filter, and the filter discharges its water on to a filtration gutter. This filter is shown in Fig. 1 at the extreme right, and is marked with a cross. A longitudinal section of the arrangement is shown in Fig. 3.

The strainer consists of a basket with a wisp of straw in it (B). This arrests all but the finest particles, and is the best fat-trap I know—the only one, in fact, which does its work efficiently and without offence. The straw may be changed as often as necessary—every day, once a week, once a month, according to the amount of accumulations, which will largely depend upon the thriftness and knowledge of the cook. The contents of the strainer may be given to the chickens, put on the manure heap, or burnt. A new handful of straw is then put in and the strainer replaced. The changing of the straw has the advantage of giving a new direction to the water. Any old basket of suitable size which will hold the straw, answers the purpose of a strainer. After months of use it will get greasy and rotten, and may then be burnt and be replaced by a new one. From the strainer the slops flow into the filter, which is simply a galvanised iron vessel, with an outlet at the bottom and filled with broken clinker, varying in size from peas at the bottom to walnuts at the top. This filter effects a further purification of the slops, and acts

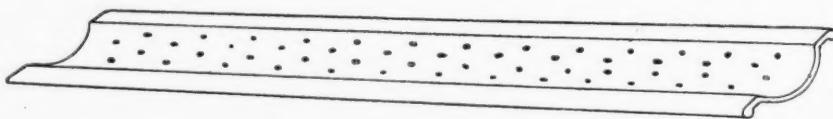


FIG. 6.

#### FILTRATION GUTTER

partly mechanically and partly by virtue of the growth of bacteria, on the surface of the broken clinker. The filter shown has been specially constructed, and is duplicated (see Fig. 5), and the waste-pipe of the sink is provided with a reversible nozzle so that either half of the filter can be used. For a cottage, however, this is not necessary, and an old galvanised iron bucket with a hole in the bottom will be found to answer every purpose.

The filtration gutter consists of strong cast-iron guttering, perforated with conical holes, having the small ends upwards so that they cannot get jammed (see Fig. 6). This guttering, which is 9in. wide and in lengths of 6ft., is laid upon loose porous rubble or gravel placed in a trench.

A trench 18in. wide and 18in. deep was first dug from the filter due south, care being taken that the bottom of the trench should slope away from the cottage, in order that water should not flow back towards the foundations of the building. The lengths of guttering are then laid on a level with the top of the trench, the level being maintained by means of bricks on edge, built up without mortar in little columns of four from the bottom of the trench, each column, except the first and last, serving to support the ends of adjacent lengths of guttering. It being ascertained that the level of the guttering is true, with the slightest possible slope downward from the filter, the trench is finally filled with loose rubble of any kind—builders' rubbish, burnt clay, lumps of chalk, gravel clinker, coke, whatever may be most readily obtained. This arrangement is shown in longitudinal section (Fig. 3) and in cross section (Fig. 4). Care should be taken that the packing be accurately done at the junctions of the lengths of guttering, in order to give support and firmness to the brick

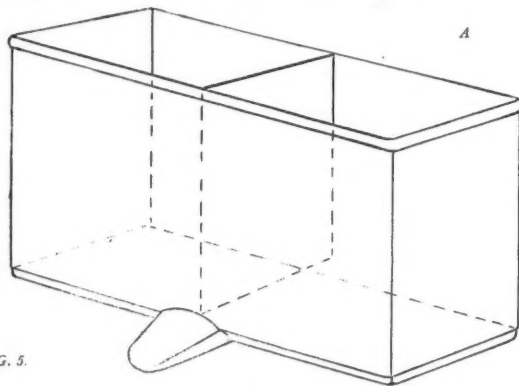


FIG. 5.

#### DUPLICATED TANK FILTER

supports. When finished, the filtration gutter looks as though it had been simply laid upon the ground, there being, of course, no indication of the rubble-filled trench beneath it. The iron guttering is sufficiently strong to permit a wheelbarrow or cart to pass over it, and there is no objection to taking the gutter across a path. The sides of the trench should be planted; or the trench may be dug in a shrubbery or plantation. At the cottage in Gallagher's Copse the trench is taken across the garden, and the sides are planted with raspberries and black currants.

The arrangement shown has been in use since September, 1900. The straw in the basket has been changed about once a fortnight. The filter has never been changed; we have never seen the slops run further than the end of the first length of guttering, and when the slops are not running the gutter and its neighbourhood looks perfectly dry. There is absolutely no smell, no offence to eye or nose. The length of gutter provided is 24ft. (four lengths), but the water has never been seen to travel more than 6ft.

Next, as to expense. The guttering has been made for me by Messrs. Tasker of the Waterloo Iron Works, Andover, and costs rs. 6d. per foot run, and the special duplicated slop filter was supplied by the same firm at a cost of 27s. 6d. The total cost, therefore, of draining this cottage was as under:

	£	s.	d.
Labour for digging trench, etc. ... ..	0	2	6
Basket ... ..	0	0	9
Filter ... ..	1	7	6
Four lengths of filtration gutter (24ft. in all)	1	16	0
Forty-eight old bricks, clinkers, etc., say ...	0	1	0
	£3	7	9

But if an old basket and old galvanised pail be employed, and if two lengths of guttering be used instead of four, then the above



bill will be reduced by £2 6s. 3d., leaving £1 1s. 6d. as the total cost for providing drainage for the cottage. Not only does the filtration gutter allow the slop water to flow away, but it stops back dead leaves, which otherwise would soon choke the porous rubble in the trench.

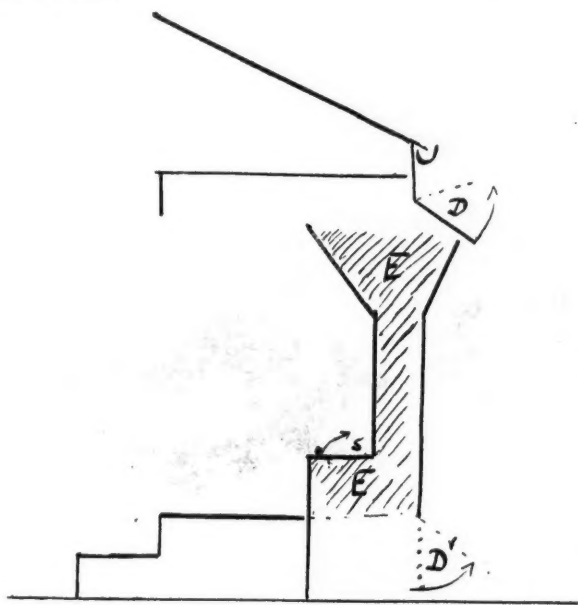


Fig. 2

Earth Closet. Fig. 1-Plan. Fig. 2 Vertical Section through A-B.

E Earth bin - hopper.

S. Seat.

D door for filling hopper. D' door for removing soil.

I may say that I advise that nothing but open guttering be used for slop water, be it perforated or otherwise. Wherever this putrescible mixture flows in the dark, the faint smell of drains is soon perceptible. Where all is open, those little accidents which proverbially will happen are seen at once.

Finally, the construction of the earth closet demands a few

words. Its precise situation and the reasons for it have been previously alluded to. The closet is lighted by a skylight, and air is freely admitted everywhere, both in the closet and beneath the seat—a point of very great importance. The receptacle is capacious, and is in the form of a “dry catch,” as described in “Rural Hygiene” and “The Dwelling-house.” The seat is only 14in. high. The earth is contained in a bin fed from a large

FIG. 7.

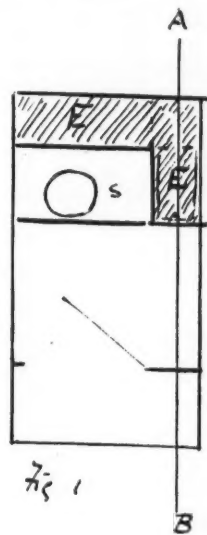


Fig. 1

hopper-reservoir, which holds enough earth for about 1,000 uses of the closet. The earth is added by means of a hand scoop. The earth box is filled, and the soil is removed from the outside. In the illustration (Fig. 1) the lid of the hopper, through which the earth is supplied, is plainly visible. Fig. 7 shows a plan and a vertical section.

## THE DECLINE OF KITCHENS.—I.

SOME ANCIENT EXAMPLES OF THE HOMES OF CAKES AND ALE.

FEW parts of modern houses are inferior to the old ones, and many are better, but there is a sad falling off in the kitchens. Nowadays they are too often little better than boxes with stoves in them, or black steel cupboards inside which the meat is baked with little jets

of gas. Fallen, fallen indeed from their high estate and magnificent time-honoured appointment. In many of our ancient castles and abbeys, and in the largest manor houses, the kitchens are built on a scale never approached in the largest modern houses. They rise quite above the level of domestic architecture, and take rank with the halls, the keeps, and chapels which made part of every great house in the Middle Ages. There is a reason for this glorification of mediæval kitchens. Great houses had far more men attached to them than now, partly for defence, and more because the

only way in which the owners could make any show for their money was by keeping a great household. As a matter of fact they had very little money in cash. It was all in kind—the beef, pork, corn, venison, beer, and fish from their various manors. Someone had to eat this, for it was not much use selling it when prices were very low and markets scarce. Then, too,

everyone attached to the house was fed in the house. Imagine what this would mean to-day. Take Welbeck Abbey, for instance, where there are five hundred persons engaged daily in other than agricultural service for the Duke of Portland. Four hundred years ago all these growers, gardeners, park keepers, carpenters, gamekeepers, racing stable hands, machinemen and dairymen, as well as the indoor servants, would have sat down to supper every evening in the great hall, with the Duke, the



Taunt. STANTON HARCOURT: KITCHEN AND PART OF HOUSE. Copyright

Duchess, and all the guests at the upper table on the dais, and perhaps a couple of hundred men-at-arms besides. No wonder the kitchens in the greatest houses often numbered two or three, while in those of medium size they were important buildings.

They were so much considered that often they were made a separate design, connected with the rest of the house or castle by a passage. This passage led direct to the great hall, just as is seen in many of the Oxford Colleges the screen, through which the hall was always entered, serving to block off the clatter of plates and the trampling of servants passing to and fro along the passage.

One of the many fine examples of the detached and splendid order of kitchens left from the Middle Ages is at Stanton Harcourt in Oxfordshire. Here we are back at once in the true environment of early English domestic life, as lived by the great families, for the place was granted to a lady by Adeliza, Queen of Henry I., and that lady's daughter married Richard de Harcourt. The Harcourts own it still, and lived there, and probably used the kitchen, as late as 1687. The building has been described fancifully by Pope, to whom the Harcourts lent the house for two years, when he was writing his "Homer," and accurately in a good many works on ancient buildings. Taking fact before fancy, we may note that it is a separate and ornamental square tower. The roof is pyramidal, and on the top stands a vane, representing a griffin, 8ft. high, the Harcourt crest. Usually these tower-like kitchens had louver boards or a lantern at the top. In that at Stanton Harcourt the louvres are all round the lower part of the roof, just where it joins the walls. Seen from inside it is quite a beautiful interior. Each corner has a corbelled arch, so that the roof is octagonal, with arching ribs meeting at the top. The proportions are splendid. Up to the top of the walls the room measures 39ft. in height, and the roof rises 25ft. higher. Picture a kitchen 64ft. high! No doubt this made it more comfortable, for the fires were built against the walls and the smoke rose up into the roof. The fireplaces and ovens still remain. Pope, writing to the Duke of Buckingham, said of this kitchen, "It has made such an

praying that the roof may not fall on them, as they are too infirm to seek other lodgings."

In the view of the tower given here the handsome battlements are shown. This covers a walk, to which the cooks could ascend by a newel staircase if they wanted a view and fresh air.

Two other famous kitchens of the Middle Ages are those at the Bishop's Palace at Durham and at Glastonbury Abbey, while



Taunt. DOMED ROOF OF KITCHEN AT STANTON HARCOURT. Copyright

another at Raby Castle remains perfect and is still used. It is a separate tower, as is that of the Bishop of Durham, and has a louver in the centre in the form of a turret. There is another at Bamborough Castle. This rises to the full height of the Castle, and was nearly perfect before Lord Armstrong restored the Castle; probably at the present date the whole building is exactly as it was in the Edwardian days, for Lord Armstrong made it his object to preserve or restore the actual feudal character of the whole. This kitchen communicated with the original hall—which was divided later into several rooms, by floors and partition—by a vaulted passage, on one side of which was the larder and on the other the buttery.

In the great abbeys and colleges, such as New College, Oxford, the kitchens were on the same scale as in the nobles' castles. The monks lived plainly enough, but they had all their lay brethren to feed daily. Also, when the King or some great noble came that way, the abbey was expected to extend hospitality to the whole crowd travelling with the great man. Consequently the cuisine resources were obliged to be sufficiently expansible at short notice to feed the equivalent of a regiment of horse. At Glastonbury the Abbot's kitchen remains nearly perfect. Abbot Whiting is said to have built it because the King had threatened to burn his kitchen

down. The good Abbot, anxious to prevent such a sacrilege, determined to prevent it by rebuilding the office entirely of stone. So says tradition, but the antiquaries, who are as destructive of stories as they are preservative of buildings, will have none of it. It was, they say, of still more ancient origin, and cooked the pasties and roasted the barons of beef either for Abbot Bregnton (c. 1340) or for Abbot John



H. W. Taunt.

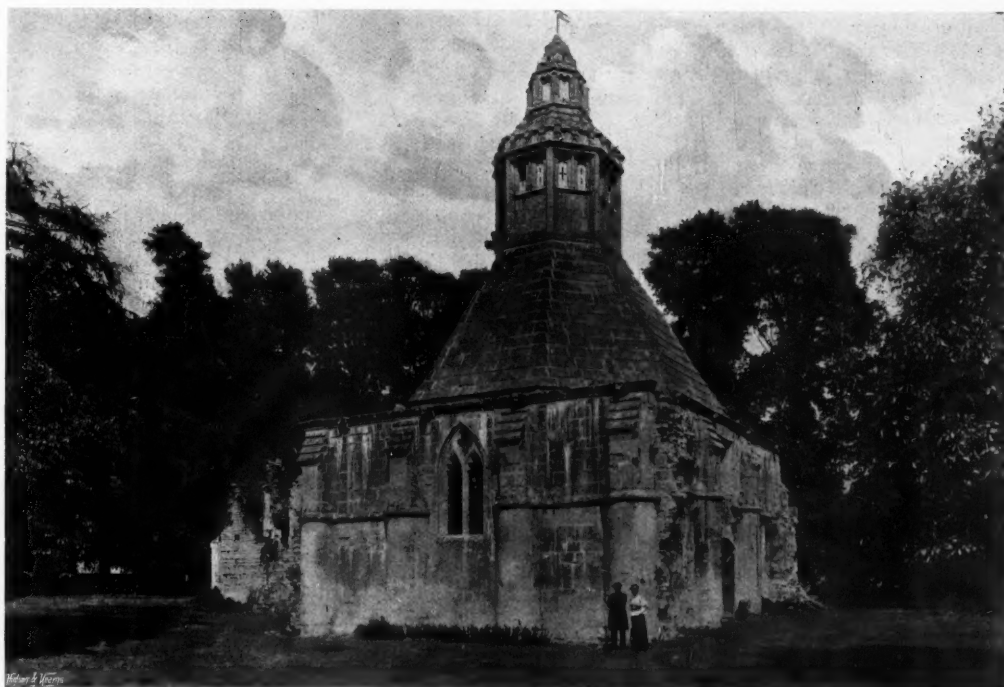
KITCHEN AND COOKS, NEW COLLEGE.

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impression upon the country people that they believe the witches keep their Sabbath here, and that once a year the devil treats them with infernal venison, viz., a toasted tiger stuffed with tenpenny nails." Pope did not make quite as appreciative a guest as might have been expected, though he must have found the old house a perfect retreat for literary work. Speaking of the place generally, he wrote, "The very rats are grey, and



Chinnock (1374-1420). Stukely described the building with appropriate minuteness, suitable to be quoted here. It does not much differ from that at Stanton Harcourt, except that the roof is of vaulted stone. "It is formed of an octagon, included in a square. Four fireplaces fill the four angles" — that is, they cross the corner of the square and so make it an octagon — "having chimneys over them. In the flat part of the roof there rises an arched octagonal pyramid crowned with a double lantern, one within another. There are eight curved ribs within, which support the vault; and eight funnels for letting the steam out of the windows. The stones of the pyramidal roof are all cut slanting, with bevells to throw off the rain. Each of the fireplaces is large enough to roast an ox. The kitchen is 33½ ft. square within and 72 ft. high to the top of the lantern. The walls are massive and strongly buttressed." Another very big kitchen converted to the service of the church, and equally famous, is that of the Prince Bishop of Durham. It is in the palace at Bishop Auckland, the greater part of which has been either rebuilt, or so altered in modern times that it has lost its original character. The kitchen, which was built much on the same liberal scale as that at Glastonbury, has been divided into two stories, with a flat ceiling over the lower room. Only one of the old fireplaces is left, but that is of huge size. At Durham itself the Bishop has another kitchen, which is justly considered "the finest kitchen of the fourteenth century now in existence." It is a complete octagon tower, with immense buttresses outside, one of which is so big that it holds the scullery. Two long lancet windows light it up, as well as louvres in the roof. Complex and beautiful stone vaulting forms the roof, and in the walls are four fireplaces, ovens, sinks, and other equipment for cooking on a great scale. It is said that at Glastonbury the arrangements for ventilating and carrying off steam and smoke are quite modern in their ingenuity. Why the great houses were equipped with these separate detached kitchens is not very clear. It was a good idea, no doubt, for the smell of cooking never pervaded the home, and there were always enough men and to spare to run to and fro and bring things "all hot" to table. But the Middle Ages are not supposed to have been times in which people minded the odours of roasting, boiling, and baking. Another possible reason is that the kitchen was a



F. Frith and Co.

GLASTONBURY ABBEY: ABBOT'S KITCHEN.

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source of danger from fire, and was therefore built apart, and of stone.

C. J. CORNISH.

(To be continued.)

## MISUNDERSTOOD:

### A HORSE-BREAKING EXPERIENCE

SOME have called me foolish because I love to handle unbroken or vicious horses in preference to horses whose manners are perfect. Others have gone so far as to mention my name in connection with a certain well-known lunatic asylum. By insanity alone could they explain my voluntarily undertaking risks which never gained me a penny. They could not comprehend the delight that comes to him who conquers in the struggle of will between horse and man. The dash across country thrills; but the thrill is nothing to that aroused when, after long striving, you feel the animal gradually submitting. That must be something like what a general experiences when he sees the enemy fly. Of course there is risk—one cannot overlook the fact; but in what form of sport, worthy of the name, is there perfect safety? I cannot help feeling surprised that so few men who ride well care to break the animals they bestride.

For a good many years I have ridden, or driven, the worst horses

I could find. In India, with Walers or Australian horses, I have had a particularly wide experience. Some specimens of those the Australian riders themselves could not manage were handed over to me in Bombay, and I am sure Colonel Anderson, late chief veterinary officer of the Bombay Army, will bear me out when I state that in no case did I fail with an animal entrusted to me. The same may be said with regard to the animals I had to handle in England, and my uniform success I attribute, in the first instance, to being able, under all circumstances, to keep my temper; in the second, to a natural love and sympathy for horses, which enabled me to do so; in the third, to the determination not to be beaten; and, in the fourth, to what is, perhaps, a more than average amount of physical strength. As to my methods, these have varied greatly, according to circumstances, and the subjects I have had to handle. My own belief is



G. W. Wilson.

FRONT KITCHEN, SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.

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that horses vary in character almost as much as human beings. Their expressions, when you come to study them, are nearly as various. On your first arrival in India, all natives appear alike. By-and-bye their individuality becomes as apparent as individuality in your own people. It is the same with horses, only so few care for them sufficiently to study them in that light. So they are all classed as one lot, and the training proceeds accordingly. Some come out of the great mechanical training ordeal with credit to themselves and their trainers, the great majority are almost hopelessly spoilt.

At present, however, I have no intention of going into the ethics of horse-breaking. I would prefer rather to confine myself to a narration of what has taken place in those cases where I have found myself face to face with most thorough-paced "outlaws."

Among the chief of these was one I met in Newcastle-on-Tyne about five years ago. He was a Canadian, and belonged to Mr. Robert Greer, who then occupied the Old Times Stables, Sandysford Lane. The grooms there told me they had "a beast that no man could break." When I expressed my willingness to try, they assured me that the master would never allow me to run such a risk. The animal was a buck-jumper, and had put the best rough-rider in the town on to the roof of one of the yard sheds, nearly breaking the man's leg. A day or two afterwards I met Mr. Greer, and questioned him about the horse. He said he certainly had imported such an animal. As to my trying to break it, well, he would be very glad if anyone would do so, provided he, as owner of the brute, was not held responsible for accidents.

Accordingly, it was decided I should make the attempt. The next afternoon I went with Mr. Greer, his son, and the rough-rider to the out-stable. There I saw a very strongly-built brown gelding, standing just over 16h. high. I asked if the "rough" could lead him out, and was promptly answered in the affirmative. Then began a very pretty piece of skirmishing. While young Greer kept the horse's quarters away with a most uncompromising stick, the other man endeavoured to creep into the loose box and get hold of the halter rope. The horse, however, was too quick for him, and there were continual rushes to the door. At one moment coaxing was tried, at another abuse, for some time without avail. At last the animal was secured and brought into the yard. He was covered with perspiration, and every nerve in his body appeared to be quivering. I asked, then, that he might be saddled and placed on a cavesson rein. By means of the latter I intended to lead him to the riding school, to which the riding-master, Mr. Forbes, had kindly given me the *entrée*. I very nearly found that "The best laid-schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley," for taking him past the tramcars was interesting, not to say exciting. Once in the school, however, somewhat to the surprise of those who had accompanied me, I asked to be left entirely alone with my charge, my intention being to secure, if possible, his confidence.

From the moment he was brought out of the stable my impression was that, in spite of his reputation and his performances, he was not vicious. Extreme nervousness had been mistaken for vice. On his head were the old marks of blows,

most likely administered in Canada, whence his reputation as "a bad 'un" had come. Such treatment could not tend to cure him. He was not likely to fit in with the too general scheme of the uneducated breaker's breaking, and so was becoming, with every attempt to subdue him, ten times worse than before. He had found no one he could trust to be consistently kind. I took him to the riding school solely in order that in his brain he should not associate me with any ill-treatment he might have received. The cavesson I used because of the controlling power it provided.

My first step, when alone, was to stroke and pat him gently, talking low and whistling softly. Sometimes I whispered, and frequently put my head to his. The reason for the move last mentioned was that, having noted how friendly horses act towards one another, I had come to the conclusion that somehow in the motion of the heads lay the secret of whatever language they possess. After this I walked quickly away, leading him. Suddenly I stopped. He started back, his nerves getting the better of him; but I quickly soothed him, and persuaded him

there really was no harm intended. By gentle stages I got him to such a state of trustfulness that when I ran and stopped quickly he was not in the least upset. During much of this time I varied whistling by singing softly to him. Some of my friends who have heard my vocal efforts express surprise that this should have had the effect of pacifying the horse! Fortunately for myself I do not profess to be a Sims Reeves, and no doubt the poor creature had very bad taste. At any rate, he appeared to pay me the compliment my friends are not likely to accord me—that of enjoying my singing. It gave him something to think about, and in half-an-hour he rubbed his head against me. Then I felt I could do with him what I desired, provided I myself had sense enough to make him understand what was wanted.

I called in those who had been waiting outside. When I expressed my intention of mounting forthwith, a loud protest was raised. No. He must be lunged, otherwise he would kill me for certain.

I felt so convinced of the good understanding now existing between the horse and myself that I would have persisted in my first intention, had there not been evident equal anxiety for the welfare of the horse. As it was, I sent him a few times round the school and then prepared to mount. Mr. Greer, at any time an admirable man with horses, held the animal facing well into a corner. Taking a good hold of the mane, and resting my forearm along his neck, I placed my foot in the stirrup and rose slowly into the saddle. At the last moment someone called excitedly for me to take my seat quickly. That possibly startled the animal, for he ran back, and it seemed as if there was, after all, going to be trouble. He was quiet, however, when I spoke kindly to him, and, being led, went cheerfully off around the school. In a quarter-of-an-hour he was taking me gaily over the hurdle jump in the centre. On entering the school I had taken off my jacket. Still on his back, I now put it on again, and he did not manifest the least alarm. Past the tramcars I rode him to his stable, and the next day taking him along Jesmond Road, he stood on the railway bridge while a train rumbled beneath,



Richard N. Speaight,

178, Regent Street.

BRIDGET AND JEAN, CHILDREN OF THE HON. MRS. RUTHVEN.



For the time being he was entirely at my disposal, and I took him out whenever I found time to do so. But he was without shoes on the hind feet, and I asked that as soon as possible he might be shod. His owner named a forge where, he said, they would "fix him up," only he requested that I should be present during the operation. So on the first available opportunity I rode him to the forge at the Half Moon Yard, Bigg Market, the proprietor of which had the reputation of being able to put shoes on anything shoeable. The poor creature's head was nearly hidden in gear which was made fast to a stout staple in the wall. Very cautiously a loop was made in his long tail. Still more cautiously a strap was fastened around his near hind foot. A rope was attached to the strap and passed up through the loop in the tail. A number of men, taking the end of the rope, pulled hard, and, of course, up went the foot into the position for being shod. The poor creature struggled frantically, and, finding it impossible to get free, finally threw himself down. If the gear about his head had not been cut he would certainly have been hanged. As it was he lay on the ground and absolutely sobbed. The Crush—a large wooden frame—was suggested; but Aitkin doubted if a horse that had escaped such an arrangement as the loop and the rope could be held even by the Crush. He admitted that already he had tried to shoe the horse and had failed. It was the worst he had ever been called upon to tackle, and he was fairly beaten.

I had been standing watching the proceedings, and I must say I felt greatly for the object of all these attentions. I knew he was simply mad with terror. For all he could tell, the whole idea was to cut his throat. At last I was asked if I thought I could hold him while he was being shod. I said I would try. As a preliminary all the heavy bits and head collars were removed, and these I replaced with a plain snaffle bridle, such as I had first put on. When his foot was again raised I felt his desire to struggle; but I talked to him, and he at once became quiet, though he was in such a state of terror that his saliva drenched my coat as he stood with his head half hidden under my arm.

When the other foot had to be done he was still more quiescent. Finally, he was "docked" or "bishopsed," that is, he had a portion of his tail cut off in order to make him look smart. In this last performance I could not bring myself to take part. I had become much too fond of him ever to witness such unnecessary suffering. When at length he was ready to depart, against the wishes of those around, I mounted him without anyone holding the bridle. He had not the least desire to hurt me, and, what was more important, he had no reason to believe that I wished to hurt him. So, slipping and sprawling, owing to his new shoes, he carried me out over the cobble stones and across the High Level Bridge, taking even the thundering of the trains overhead without any sign of fear.

I had a number of most enjoyable rides on this "wild beast," which turned out the gentlest I ever bestrode. I do not for a moment suggest I would have stuck on if the animal had "played up" as he did when the rough-rider first attempted to ride him. Had he put me off I would simply have got on again; but, by taking him as I did, this was rendered quite unnecessary. Where I succeeded was by allowing for his equine individuality. Neglect of this had made him vicious, though he had no vice in his composition; and neglect of this spoils nine horses out of every ten. Subsequently, when he was being "finished off," I was called in to see him, and asked if I could put a halter on his head. He had, I was told, been "playing the deuce," and had scared those responsible for him to such an extent, that they would not go near him. When I entered his box I noticed he had actually kicked one of the planks out, and, until he heard my voice, he seemed likely to treat me with scant courtesy. The moment he knew me, however, he was as quiet as a lamb. All the trouble was that the grooms had been trying to bully him, and, like some human beings, he declined to be bullied.

But it must not be thought I had so easy a task in every case. In Bombay Colonel Anderson built a rough-riding school in which I used to meet his fractious Walers, and there, about a year ago, I encountered the toughest, the roughest, and, at the same time, the most marvellously elastic of my many pupils. But that, as Kipling says, is another story. A. GRAHAM-SIMPSON.

## IN THE GARDEN.

THE NATIONAL ROSE SOCIETY'S ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

THIS will not take place at the Crystal Palace, as in former years, but in the Inner Temple Gardens, on the Thames Embankment, on Thursday, July 4th, where the famous display of the Royal Horticultural Society takes place through the kindness of the Benchers. We hope all rosarians who are able to, and especially of course those interested in the National Rose Society, will be present. It is an important departure, but given a fine day the result should be a splendid success. The president of the society is the Very Rev. the Dean of Rochester (S. Reynolds Hole), and the two honorary secretaries are the Rev. H. D'Omain and Mr. Edward Mawley.

THE GOLDEN-LEAVED ELDER.

We have received from Messrs. Clibran and Son, Oldfield Nurseries, Altrincham, Cheshire, shoots of the Golden Elder, *Sambucus racemosa*

*plumosa foliis aureis*, which is one of the best variegated trees in gardens. Messrs. Clibran write: "Just now the plants are pictures of beauty, their lacinated deep golden foliage being extremely attractive. It is perfectly hardy, and retains its beautiful colours late into the autumn. As a bush for planting on a lawn or in an ornamental shrubbery where it can show against a dark background it is unique. It is certainly worthy the attention of all intending planters of trees and shrubs."

### A NEW TREE PÆONY.

A new tree Pæony has lately flowered in the Royal Gardens, Kew, and is quite distinct from anything in existence. It is like *P. moutan*, the tree Pæony, in many ways, but is quite distinct. The growth is shrubby, the leaves large, divided into many segments, and glaucous, while the flowers are clear rich yellow in colour, about 4 in. across, and semi-double. It is called *Pæonia lutea*.

### HABERLEA RHODOPENSIS—A PRETTY ALPINE FLOWER.

"S." (Dumfries) sends the following note: "This beautiful little alpine plant is flowering very freely here this season, and everyone truly interested in flowers who sees it is quite attracted by the plant and its flowers. I am growing it on the flat terrace of a rockery with an east exposure, but sheltered from the cutting winds from that direction, which are so trying to many plants. The soil is sandy peat, and in dry weather water has been liberally supplied about the roots. It is bearing a number of its pretty blooms on umbels about 6 in. high. These blooms are a wonderfully beautiful combination of colours, giving various tints of pale lilac insensibly shading to white, while the ground of the interior of the flowers, which is white, is prettily marked with brown and yellow. It has been said to resemble a miniature *Gloxinia*, and there is something about the general appearance of the plant to warrant this. It was introduced from Roumelia about 1880, but is not very often met with, probably because it is one of the plants about which growers can only say with truth that there is some doubt as to its perfect hardiness. This is very much a question of the position of the garden and the plant. I know some friends who cover it with a hand-light, but it will often succeed planted as here, or treated like a *Ramondia*."

### A RARE TABLE PLANT.

We know that readers of COUNTRY LIFE have more than a superficial regard for their gardens, and wish to know about plants not in general cultivation. *Sphæralcea abutiloides* is known probably to few, but it is a pretty conservatory or table plant when grown in 5 in. pots. One who grows it writes us: "Although upwards of a score of species of this genus have been described, very few are seen in cultivation, the one under notice, with *S. umbellata*, being perhaps the best known. *S. abutiloides* is a native of the Bahamas, and was introduced into English gardens nearly two centuries ago. Left alone it makes a straggling plant, with large palmately-lobed leaves covered with a dense white tomentum. In February the branches are terminated with large, dense corymbs of rose-coloured Abutilon-like flowers, 2 in. across. From the buds on the upper portion of the stem smaller corymbs appear. By attention to stopping when the plant is young, denser growth results. Grown in this way more flower-heads are formed, but smaller. By rooting cuttings in July, nice little plants 1 ft. high, bearing a good-sized head of flowers each, may be had in 5 in. pots in February. These will be found useful for conservatory or table decoration. A similar compost to that used for Abutilons is suitable."

### ROSE MME. ALFRED CARRIERE.

This Rose is very beautiful at the time of writing (June 23rd) in a suburban garden. A plant is against an oak fence, and smothered with flowers fully open and in the bud. Although quite an old Rose, many less important varieties are planted in its stead, either because, we presume, they are new and Mme. Alfred Carrière is not, or that the good qualities of the latter are unknown. The plant is a true climber, rather leggy, and therefore best when its shoots can run through a bush, but it is quite charming enough against a wall or fence. Its growth is sprawling but graceful, and the dead white flowers are too heavy for the slender shoots to support bolt upright, which is well. Their tendency to droop is charming, and quite natural in a flower so free and graceful. The plant will bloom from quite early June until the late autumn; it is seldom without a bud or open flower.

### TEA ROSE EDITH GIFFORD.

If we could grow only one Rose, our choice would be Edith Gifford, a Tea Rose that has been many years in gardens and appears regularly on the show boards at our autumn and summer exhibitions. It behaves delightfully near large towns, and is one of the few Roses that apparently care not a jot about smoke, dust, and a confined space. The plant is thoroughly hardy, makes an even growth, and has a wealth of dark green almost leathery leaves. Insect pests seem to dislike its sturdy shoots; at least, in the garden of the writer it is about the only Rose that does not receive an annual baptism of green fly. The flowers are almost faultless in shape, the buds opening out into a beautifully symmetrical bloom, of a creamy colour tinted with rose. No Rose lasts longer in full beauty. Its petals are so thick, and the whole flower so full, that it will not tumble to pieces for several days.

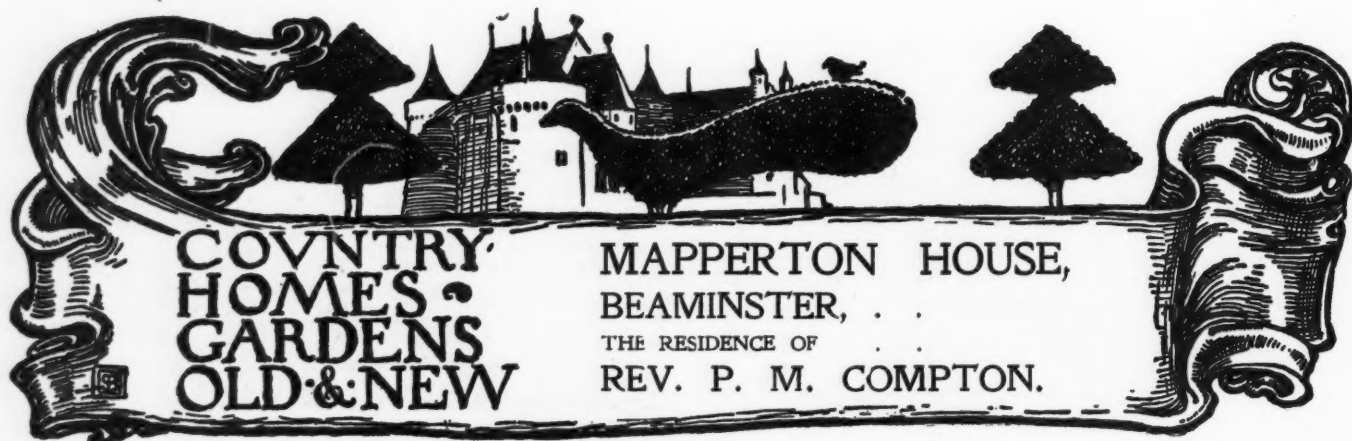
### FLOWERING SHRUBS FROM KNAPHILL.

Mr. Anthony Waterer sends from his nursery at Knaphill several kinds of Acacia, trees and shrubs of great beauty during the month of June and the first days of July. The kinds sent were:

*Robinia (Acacia) hispida*.—A lovely tree or shrub, as it never grows more than 15 ft. high, with racemes of large red rose flowers, reminding one of those of the Everlasting Pea. It begins to bloom when quite small, and is one of the freest-flowering Acacias in existence. The variety *grandiflora* also sent has even larger flowers of paler colouring.

*R. neo-mexicana*.—This is a rare small tree, because it has not been introduced many years. It is flowering freely at Kew now. Its flowers, in pretty racemes, are sometimes described as rose coloured, but they are between lilac and rose, a distinct shade. Its freedom is remarkable. The branches are covered with the somewhat dense racemes.

*R. Pseud-acacia* and varieties.—Mr. Waterer sends several varieties of *R. Pseud-acacia*, or the False Acacia, which is flowering so well this year; and this remark applies to every tree and shrub in our gardens. The present year will long be remembered for its extraordinary profusion of blossom. The varieties sent comprise *Decaisneana*, rose pink, *Aurea*, with a very pretty yellow leaf, not blotchy or undecided in colour, as are so many variegated things, *Monophylla*, the always welcome sweetly-scented *Semperflorans*, and *Bessoniaca*.



**I**N our quest for fine houses and beautiful gardens we return to the Wessex county of Dorset. Our readers will have cause to be gratified if we visit that county again more than once, for it is full of true English beauty, and has many a notable house within its bounds. The land is rich and fruitful—if not pre-eminently in cornland, yet in the abundant pastures which maintain those splendid herds that make Dorsetshire one of the chief dairying counties in England. In traversing it from north to south the wayfarer passes through scenery that is wonderfully varied and singularly picturesque. He journeys through a great pastoral land, much diversified by hill and hollow, with hawthorn hedges and apple orchards, and many a farmhouse and cottage nestling among the trees, and presently he sees rising before him the edges of the calcareous hills which lie between that lower country and the sea. From the heights there are distant prospects over the land to the hills which everywhere shut in the view, unless it be where the glistening waters of the Channel, like a burnished shield, make a fair margin to the outlook on the south.

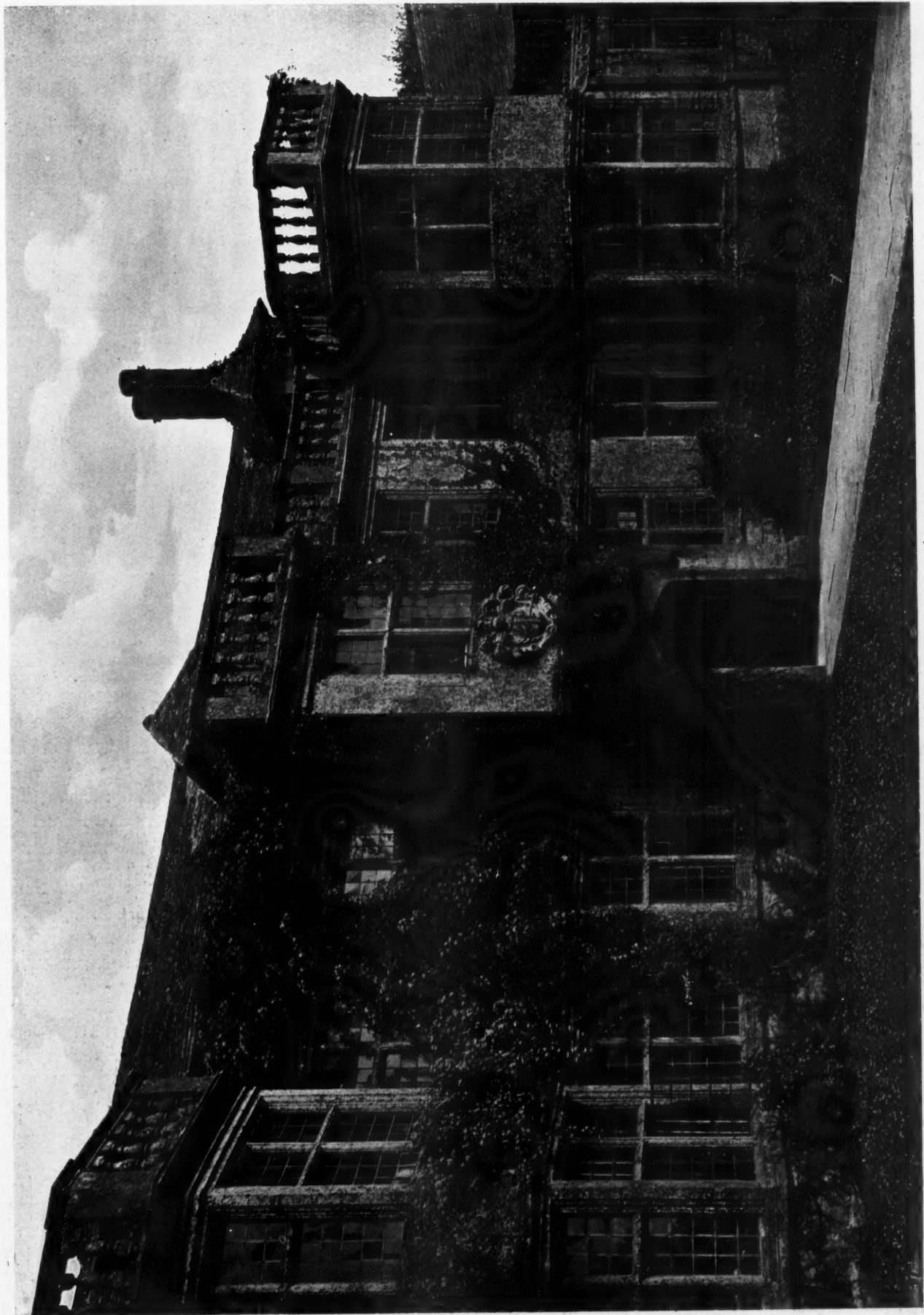
In ancient days the country by the rivers was rich in a dense forest, in whose glades the grunting porkers fed on the mast of beech and oak. Can we not hear them still when we

pass through that village significantly named of old Latinity Toller Porcorum? By that way we may go in a wayfaring from the direction of Dorchester by the valley of the Frome to the village of Mapperton, which lies between Toller "of the Pigs" and Beaminster, notable for its several demolitions by fire. As the crow flies, Mapperton lies some seven miles from the sea at Bridport Harbour, and within a short two miles of Beaminster. It is interesting to remember that this is a region made known through the Wessex novels of Thomas Hardy. Bridport is the "Port Breedy" of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," near which place she did dairy work in her days of trouble; while Beaminster is the Emminster of the novel, the "hill-surrounded little town, with the Tudor church tower of red stone, and the clump of trees near the vicarage," where the father of Angel Clare was incumbent. Through the district of Mapperton, then, we may follow Tess in some of her weary journeys.

It is now time to turn to the mansion we depict, and we shall not err if we say that in true old English domestic picturesqueness Mapperton House has few equals. There are greater places of more stately aspect, richer in their adornments and grander in their proportions, but it is difficult to imagine







GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—MAPPERTON HOUSE FROM THE FORECOURT.

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THE SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

anything more attractive than that front of this Dorsetshire house which looks out into the grassy forecourt. The place is said to have been erected in the time of Henry VII., and there is little doubt that some parts of it go back as far, though manifestly many details belong to a more recent date, when the Renaissance had carried the classic spirit into the domestic architecture of England. Many additions were made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the balustrade is probably of that time, and later than the structure itself. Much older certainly is the wing which looks into the forecourt from the side, with its extremely quaint angle shafts and the singular beauty of its mullioned windows, and to a much later date belong the very

fine and characteristic gate-posts crested by eagles with expanded wings.

In the time of Henry I. the manor belonged to a family bearing the name of Bryte, and, after passing through many hands, it came in 1604 by marriage to Richard Broderipp, from whose family it went, again by marriage, to that of the present owner, for Catherine Richards, the great-granddaughter of Richard Broderipp, married in 1788 Mr. John Compton of the Manor House, Minstead, who was the grandfather of the late Mr. Henry Compton. In the hands of successive owners the place has undergone various modifications, but there is nothing to mar its extremely beautiful character. It will be

observed that great richness characterises the house. Externally, the twisted chimneys, the finely moulded mullions and transoms, the admirable character of the doorway and porch adornments, and the well-proportioned feature of the balustrade are examples of what we say. It will be remarked also that the bays of the structure are extremely fine, and that the gateway has a strongly individualised character. Within, the ceiling of the drawing-room is an admirable example of plaster work, with pendants and fleurs-de-lys in the panels, and a frieze very richly worked with medallions, while the wainscoting of the rooms is extremely good. In various places in the structure the armorial bearings of the owners, are sculptured and emblazoned characteristically. Externally, the heraldic figures on the octagonal turrets and spiral pedestals are very good.

What shall we say about the gardens of this sweet Dorsetshire house? They are simple as such gardens should be. The mansion itself is richly vested with ivy and climbing roses, though nowhere to the obscuring of its architectural features. Tall gate-posts crowned with balls open to the



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THE DRAWING-ROOM CEILING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



avenue between the house and the outbuildings, which last are among the quaintest imaginable. The gardens cover about four acres, and have a sweet and attractive character, without strongly marked features, though the long grass slopes, forming terraces, are quite characteristic and good. The presence of many trees adds very greatly to the charm of the place. They are in much variety, which has been increased by the care devoted to judicious planting, and flowering trees are one of the principal attractions, though elms and chestnuts seem to predominate. There are fine lawns and ample parterres, and it will be remarked that the green grass space in the forecourt, running quite up to the walls of the house, is a pleasant relief to the grey stone of the structure.

The country about, as has been said, is very picturesque and varied, for the house stands in a fairly elevated situation, but sheltered by the hills and having a conical height called Chart Knoll on the north-west. Nearly the whole of the district is given up to dairy farming, and Hardy took his pictures of farming life from what he had seen and observed in these Dorsetshire hills and valleys. Beaminster is, in fact, the centre of a district famous for the "Double Dorset" or "Blue Vinny" cheese, and the hills that surround the town are mostly occupied by the farms, but in the broader valleys the farms are generally larger, and produce immense quantities of butter and cheese. The traveller who



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THE AVENUE AND STABLES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

has passed over the chalk downs and cornlands, where the sun blazes upon the fields, is delighted to look over the lower country devoted to dairy farming, where the lanes are white, and the darker network of the hedges overspreads the paler green of the grass. As Thomas Hardy says of the Vale of Blackmoor, with slight exceptions, the prospect in such places is a broad rich mass of grass and trees mantling



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THE OLD GARDEN AND GRASS TERRACES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

minor hills and dales within the major, and the forests, as we said, have departed, though some old customs that belonged to them seem still to be retained. The produce of the Mapperton district is carried for country consumption into Beaminster and other towns. The main line of the South Western Railway is a few miles to the north, but nearer at hand is the line that runs from Bridport to Maiden Newton, on the Great Western Railway from Yeovil to Dorchester and Weymouth.

Bridport is an ancient town, celebrated once for the making of what were known as "Bridport daggers," being the hempen cords with which malefactors were hung. Enough has been said, however, to show that the district which surrounds the house we illustrate is as interesting as that attractive structure itself, and with this remark we shall leave a place which we are very glad to include in this series of illustrations of the famous houses and gardens of England.

## DOGS AND THE GUN.

THE International Gun-dog League held its birthday at the Café Royal on June 3rd, and for the first time made public its objects, which hitherto have only been suspected by reason of its title, and in consequence of the action of kindred societies. Perhaps it would be more proper to call the latter its joint parents. The league is the offspring of several societies, for it had the International Pointer and Setter Society as its paternal ancestor, the Retriever Society as

sport" is always prepotent in breeding. Show men were on the watch for the natural sport, and when it was in the direction towards which "fancy" breeders had before striven, it did not matter how far it was beyond it; the creature so varied became the founder of a family, and a type to be followed! Consequently, we have spaniels as long as dachshunds, retrievers with the coats of setters, setters with heads as narrow as those of greyhounds, and pointers which are faulty everywhere. And these are the dogs which the Gun-dog League has set itself to destroy. The special dislikes of the league and of its chairman, Mr. W. Arkwright, on June 3rd, were long-backed and long-eared show spaniels. Long and low are good things in themselves in any animal which has to creep about under cover. The ferret and his grandfather the polecat go to prove it; but the spaniel's business in life is not confined to threading his way along rabbit runs overhung by creepers and gorse. He has to do active work as well, and this he hardly can do with a back like a dachshund's and with legs only meant for going to ground.

While these changes have been progressing externally, what has happened to the sporting instincts of the dogs themselves? "Are they any longer capable of working if they would?" is only one part of the question. "Are they willing to work if their formation will permit?" is still more important. On it depends the presence, or absence, of the instinct grafted by 500 or 1,000 years of breeding for one set purpose, all through the ages. Formation in the pointer and setter means a great deal; but instinct means more. Formation in the retriever matters less; the breed is a new one, and any dog which retrieves well is a retriever, and a good one too. Lord Walsingham had a pug which retrieved and found runners as well as possible; but in the dog-show sense he was not a retriever any more than the Yorkshireman's pointing pig was a pointer. According to Mr. W. Arkwright's views of the programme of the International Gun-dog League, the pug would be a retriever. But how about the pig? I venture to say that if a pug appeared at the Retriever Field Trials and won, it might endanger the usefulness in the future of those institutions.

The only possible way to defeat this is for show committees to guarantee



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THE HENRY VII. WING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

step-father, and its mother was the Working Spaniel Society. In what exact relationship these now stand to the league has not been explained, but it may be that each is ambitious to see working types of those dogs from which it takes its name, and that the league is ready to assist all, and, besides, to put down the show types with a strong hand. Show types have been evolved out of "a long-felt want," a want still with us, and one which is very difficult to deal with satisfactorily. It seems to me it is a longing after the appearance of sportsmanship that has caused all the evil. The ownership of a prize pup has been mistaken by Carlyle's forty millions for sporting proclivities. Hence the popularity of the fox-terrier that never saw a fox and would run away if he scented one. The Gun-dog League has arisen, therefore, to put down this gun-shy league.

Every one of the old breeds of sporting dogs had characteristics by which they differed from other gun-dogs. It was easy to find out what these were and to lay down that every dog must have these features in a pronounced degree. But although this was easy to ensure when all fanciers were striving in one direction, it was not easy to control the pace by that discretion which can only be derived from working the dogs. Distortion followed "sports" or freaks, or crosses, as was sure to be the case when breeding exclusively to increase faults, failings, or even beauties which had been the fortune, or misfortune, of the originals.

Professor Ewart has given good authority for the opinion that a "natural

bigger classes of real working dogs than they can get of the unreal. I do not know whether the Gun-dog League has thought of making that part of its programme, but it has an opposition who can play with its own weapons. This was proved by the Spaniel Club, who saw that it was to be "left" unless it, like its junior, the Working Spaniel Club, held its trials, too, and accordingly it did so, and very good ones they were. But the show spaniels were absent, by leave.

But suppose it was desired to guarantee the filling of classes with working dogs, there would have to be some stipulation that good would result, and I do not see how it could result unless the show sort were guarded. Consequently qualification for entrance would have to depend upon work done in the field, or upon pedigree, such as tracing to field-trial sire or dam, perhaps both. That would, no doubt, ensure the popularity of field-trial breeds, and scotch, if not kill, the show varieties of sporting dogs in very quick time.

This all seems straight sailing enough and a very admirable thing to do, but whether the Gun-dog League has any such intentions may be doubted, because Mr. Arkwright is of opinion that there are false field-trial types as well as false show types. If this really is so, it is unfortunate, because it bars the possible usefulness of the league in the most needed direction. If the latter has first to make its field-trial breeds, it must be a matter of a long time before it can educate the shows up to a type the foundations of which have still to be made.



But probably Mr. Arkwright's insistence upon a faulty-field-trial type is not to be taken very seriously. As far as he described the dogs he objected to, it may be taken that all judges at field trials equally object to them. He would not have a dog that pushed forward into the wind and found game in front, while leaving birds behind. He thought such dogs should themselves be left behind when it came to giving the prizes. No doubt that is what all judges would agree to, only they would make this reservation, that the birds left behind should be discovered by the rival dog and not flushed by the crowd of spectators. Unless the dog behind can make use of the birds left by the dog in front, it may only be proof that the scent is bad, and not that the forward dog's nose is wrong. To throw both out might be to throw out the two best in a stake. The way to find that out is to take both up, with the intention of putting each down later with other dogs, in order to see if there are in the stake any others that can better serve the gun.

Nobody would think of giving prizes as they used to be given in the days when some judges were terribly gone on ranging, and placed speed very much in front of other qualities. There was, for instance, a celebrated dog called Ranger, who used to win sometimes well, because he did better, and did more, than any others, and left no game behind; but at other times I have seen this same dog win when rambling, flushing, and leaving game behind very badly. But I think this exhibition effected its own cure, and afterwards the field-trial type, apart from the gun-dog, ceased to exist, except as a chance animal—one that did well sometimes and then won, and did badly at others and then lost. Not even the keenest dog and gun judges can prevent prizes going to dogs of varying

temper. They are there to judge what happens upon the day and before their eyes, and it would be un-English to bring in a previous knowledge of bad performances. When Sally Brass, this year, won at Newport, and again at Shrewsbury, she had previously run wild at the Kennel Club Meeting, chased hares, and altogether done badly. But that did not prove her of the wrong field-trial type, but only that she was of the right sort but half-broken on the former occasion. Mr. Arkwright sees what many people have also seen, that when two dogs go down in a field and one hunts all the ground in front of the other, the latter has no chance to show his nose, unless it is considerably better than that of the former; but if the former dog does not flush any game or leave it behind, it seems hopeless to expect the rear dog to find. I do not think that trying to make the two hunt nearer together, if they are beating the ground properly, is the way out; possibly taking up this badly-matched brace and putting each down with a more suitable dog is the right road to discover the true relationship they bear to each other. There is no doubt that, in these days of game-driving, people will not stand show dogs on the moors; neither will they put up with wrong field-trial types, and it is quite correct to insist that the best dog for shooting must be the winner at field trials in the future; it generally has been so in the past. The dog which misses and flushes the least and finds the most is the dog wanted for both. This finding most is not always insisted upon at field trials, but then, when that rule is departed from, the dog favoured must have shown extraordinary nose in some other way. But this happens so seldom that it cannot be relied upon, and it is generally safe to say that the better dog of two finds most game.

ARGUS OLIVE.

## A NORTH COUNTRY FARM.

**A**KELD FARM, in Glendale, Northumberland, is somewhat in contrast to the places we have illustrated on account of their pedigree livestock.

It is Northumbrian and homely, and carried on without much thought of the show-yard. Yet of its kind we do not say it is the best, because that would invite invidious comparisons, but it would be difficult to find a better; and Mr. Thomas Chartres, the tenant, has more than local fame as a sound and successful agriculturist. He has been there a long time, as one realises when he falls to telling anecdotes of that rare old sportsman Lord Wemyss, who hunted this district when Mr. Chartres began riding to hounds. The farm is typical of many in the North, and might almost be called a sheep-farm. It consists of about 1,800 acres, of which 1,100 are hill grazing and the remainder rich valley land. No doubt many of our readers have a general idea of the district. They may have gone to see Flodden Hill, which is only a few miles off, or the wild cattle at Chillingham, further away in the opposite direction; they may have fishing memories connected with Till Glen College or Bowmont, or hunting memories of the time when Mr. George Grey was Master of the Glendale. If so, they know that the road from Yetholm to Wooler passes along by the base of the outer flanks of the Cheviots, with a region of comparatively level country stretching away as far as the sea-coast—that is to say, some fifteen or twenty miles. Although



W. Green.

THE FARMHOUSE, AKELD.

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sheep supply its characteristic, the farm ought properly to be described as one of mixed husbandry, since on the low-lying fields, long famous for their immense crops of turnips, most of the ordinary branches of farming are carried on, inclusive of the fattening of cattle for the market. The district, however, is not a dairy one. There is no large neighbouring town to provide customers for milk, and at the farms butter-making and cheese-making are done only for home consumption—at least, there is no sale of any consequence from the products. Save for one or two Jerseys to provide milk for the house, Mr. Chartres keeps no milk kine. As the angler very well knows, sheep are the prevalent livestock. They are all over the hills, and their bleating gets associated in one's mind with the sound of the restless waters. My visit occurred just about the time of sheep shearing, and the photographer was lucky enough to catch the men in the very act.

It will be seen that the favourite breed here is also the local one, viz., the Cheviots, and these form a fine group shown against the dry stone wall. They are prize-winners, for in this direction Mr. Chartres is an exhibitor, and a very successful one. In his dining-room are pictures of many of his old winners—Cheviots, Border Leicesters, and the first cross between



W. Green.

INTERIOR OF OLD TOWER.

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CHEVIOT EWES AND LAMBS.

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them. Particular attention should be directed to the fence in this sheep picture, as it is characteristic of the district. The art of building it, of dry stone dyking as it is called, is a rare and valued accomplishment, the possessor of which is in demand far and wide.

The women workers are a feature of North Country farms. In East Anglia and the South of England it becomes rarer every year to see women doing the hard work of agriculture, but the demand for them in the North is keener than ever. The Northumbrian female outworker has always commanded a good deal of attention, and even of admiration, from the various commissioners sent periodically to enquire into the conditions of agriculture. We show an excellent specimen in the byrewoman, taken as she is feeding the fat beasts. The Medical Officer of Health for Glendale has drawn pointed attention to certain growing practices that threaten to ruin the constitutions of the once celebrated Northumbrian women workers.

They have in great part abandoned the wholesome diet of oatmeal porridge and milk in favour of white bread and tea

sisting usually of only a room and a kitchen, sometimes of only one room divided by the box bed that used to be universal. This was



W. Green.

BYREWOMAN FEEDING CATTLE.

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a very improper arrangement, and has long been obsolete. But the great bonnets these bondagers used to wear were more picturesque than the hats now adopted, and I wish they had not been discontinued. All the same, these Akeld women did not look as if they were addicted to the vicious habits described by the Medical Officer, but seemed to me strong and healthy, with the clear eyes and good skins that go with toil in the fields. But when leaving Akeld in the evening I met a home-returning band of workers from another farm, and their ghastly pallor was almost incredible, and fully justified the strictures of the doctor. It is a matter of common observation that this falling away is confined to one sex. One could not desire better types of the farm labourer than those who are taking the horses to water. It may perhaps be prejudice on my part, but when looking at these lads or watching others at fair or hiring, not only is one struck with their physical fitness, but also with something that is particularly kindly, honest, and frank in their homely faces. You miss that expression in the crowds at a Western "mop" or an East Anglian "statis," and the reason probably is that, whereas a high standard of living and wages has



W. Green.

SHEEP SHEARING.

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prevailed in the North, the others for generations have found life one long struggle to make the most of an insufficient income, and this has at length given even to young people a worried and care-worn look. Another consideration that "keeps them buoyant and makes them industrious" is that the frugal Northumbrian hind, if he cares to save and work hard, has a fair chance of becoming tenant of a holding on his own account. Mr. Wilson Fox, in reporting on this district to the Royal Commission on Agriculture, remarked: "It is not uncommon to find some of the smaller farms in the hands of those who have been shepherds or stewards," and a well-known agent said to him that they, "from their experience and their proved steadiness and probity, are most desirable tenants." In some families the united wages have been known to come to as much as £200 a year and more, and when they combine to save and take a farm this is a nice sum to work on. And so those ploughmen who are shown at work with their teams need not be without a reasonable ambition of their own. Before the end of the day, and the last load "whoam," it will have been given to some of them, as another ploughman wrote, "to have led a market, and strutted in a bank and clarkit their cash account." Though, perhaps, even then they would not be happier than when driving their horses afield in the fair summer mornings, ploughing the fresh earth while birds sing and leaves unfold, and returning at night to taste of deepest sleep in their wooden beds. The photograph of the interior of



W. Green.

## DRILLING FOR TURNIPS.

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an old tower takes us back to times when agriculture was carried on in this district under greater difficulties than any that exist now. In fact, on both sides of the Border they used to

do "a little shyftinge for their lyvinge: God help them, silly pure men," and when word came that the Scots were out on foray, "Elliotts or Armstrongs or rough-riding Scots or rude Johnnestones," then the labouring men burnt the thatch of their wretched hovels, so that the enemy could not get it to smoke them out with, and drove the cattle hastily into such a keep as we have pictured here. It was loopholed for defence, and had spaces in the roof whence the



W. Green.

## WATERING HORSES ON THE WAY TO WORK.

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defenders could look to see that the animals were safe, or, if the assailants gained admittance, discharge missiles at them. How often must such scenes have been witnessed in this very tower!

Long-legged Scots, from the Merse, armed with jedge axe or sword, mounted on their ponies, hurriedly gathering damp fuel to smoke them out before a rescue came; Dan and Hab, Jock and Cuddy, standing warily, yet sturdily, on the defence, or sending round to their neighbours; the kine and steers crowded within their walls—such keeps are common in this wild district, where often the Percy and the Douglas must have met and fought, where Musgraves and Carrs and Herons lived in their castles, and feasted and hunted.

The present-day farmer, however hard his lot may be, may at any rate attend fair and market without the least dread of finding on his return that a band of "reiving Scots" have "lifted" his cattle and burned his homestead. But, on the other hand, if he attempted to stock his farm after the manner



W. Green.

## WOMEN FIELD WORKERS.

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of his ancestors he would have little chance of evading the strong arm of the law. Justice, if somewhat slower, is certainly surer than in those wild days.  
P. A. G.

## LOVE'S A MADMAN.

O I'm as mad as any Bedlam wight  
Who swears by all his gods he's King of France!  
I wake all sudden in the dead o' night,  
And, eyes wide open, walk into the trance  
That brings you radiant in your thousand charms,  
That brings you dazzling in your wondrous grace,  
That brings you smiling to my trembling arms,  
That brings you glad to my mad, mad embrace!  
We lean upon a grassy bank, we two!  
Your face a glory in the flames of love,  
Your eyes as dim with rapture as the blue  
That swims and glows all luminous above;  
Your hand in mine, my head against your breast,  
Each voice the herald of a breathless heart!  
We lean upon a grassy bank, we rest,  
And sigh that we must ever, ever part.  
Night comes to us; and thro' the stilly pines,  
Beneath that shadowy roof, we slowly pace,  
Where Venus glimmers, and Diana shines  
When the branch-haunting zephyrs make a space;  
On that silk-paven floor, O hand in hand  
We wander whispering passion thro' the grove,  
Or by a silvery birch entranced stand  
To drink the nightingale's full flood of love.  
So I'm as mad as any wretchless soul  
Who plays the monarch in his padded cell,  
For oceans deeper than all waters roll  
Betwixt us, so that I may never tell  
The craving in my heart for you, the fire  
Consuming all the peace for which I yearn,  
O mad, most mad, for I've but one desire—  
To let this foolish fire burn, burn, and burn.

HAROLD BEGBIE.

## THE PTARMIGAN.

**A**LTHOUGH this handsome bird is familiar to the Scottish sportsman, none of our game birds are so seldom seen by the general observer. It may be said to be the bird of the mist, and its life is spent on the windswept tops of the highest mountains of Northern Britain, where it is so little disturbed by intruders that it has retained, in some degree, that docility and tameness which has been observed in the birds and animals resident on islands far distant from the haunts of man. To anyone who has seen the ptarmigan at home, it will always remain a mystery how the bird exists, as the heather among its native rocks, which, for the greater portion of the year, is its staple food, is the shortest and driest imaginable, whilst of other herbage there is none; yet it seldom, except when driven by stress of weather, visits the lower grounds. The nest is a mere scratching in the ground, and is usually placed on the sheltered side of a piece of protruding rock, with the colour of which the back of the sitting bird harmonises to such a degree as to make detection by an unpractised eye well-nigh impossible. The eggs, usually eight or nine



THE NEST OF THE PTARMIGAN.



THE BIRD OF THE MIST.

in number, very much resemble those of the red grouse, but they are of a little lighter colour and less heavily blotched. On May 24th in the present year the writer set out to climb one of the highest mountains in Sutherlandshire with a view of finding and photographing the bird and nest, and, when at an altitude of 2,800ft., was successful in procuring the two accompanying pictures. During the nesting period, the ptarmigan are in their full summer dress, the hen only showing a few white feathers in her tail and flights, whilst the cock retains a little more of his snow-white winter garb.

## FROM A SUMMER-HOUSE.

**I**N this year of prolonged March winds the house-martins have only now, when June is just beginning, come back to look up their old homes under the eaves. They are very late in nesting, and one notices that a good many more than occupied these wattle and daub domiciles last year are flying around them now. Probably these are the young ones hatched last year, as well as last year's old birds that come back to the remembered eaves. Soon they will settle their differences, more or less amicably, and the stronger pairs will occupy the eaves as exclusively as they wish while the others go off to new sites.

The hot sun and the drought do not favour the garden, but the irises are making a brave show in their despite, and mingle well in the long border with the Poeticus narcissus. Some tall white broom has a good effect in a "tangle" border with the lilacs, the azaleas, and the rest of the "admired confusion." The clematis is coming into flower on the pergola more conspicuously than it will appear when the climbing roses are in bloom.

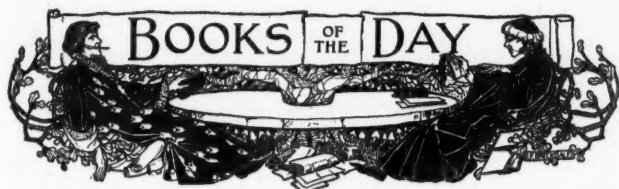
The great tits are still busy feeding their young ones in the dry wall, and the number of caterpillars that we see them bringing passes all computation. As yet there are few fledglings going about the garden, but several young robins, in their speckled immature plumage, have appeared, and each day now ought to bring out more youngsters. The family of great tits that are coming to years of discretion in the dry wall may fly any day. They have already acquired the green and yellow livery of their parents—incomplete, of course, as a boy's Eton jacket lacks the tails of his father's coat.

Certainly, the caterpillar is more numerous, even than usual, this year. It ought to be a record year for the entomologist; or, at least, so it appears to the horticulturist, who groans under the visitation. The cockchafers are very bad, and it is they, apparently, that have eaten the delicate tops of all the rose buds, so that their blooms will be poor and imperfect. The William Allen Richardson, on a south-west wall, is looking wonderfully well and vigorous in all respects save that its bloom seems to come bleached, as if the rich colour had been sun-dried out of it. Probably this wall is too hot for roses; and the blacksmith, thinking to be clever, has fixed the wires they are trained on a good inch and a-half closer to the wall than he was told to, with the result that the blooms are often squashed up against the wall, and there is no proper circulation of air between the stems of the rose and the wall itself.

A wren has built a nest in the thatch of the summer-house—on the inside, just at the roof apex—but I think it is only one of those practice nests that these quaint little birds often seem to build, for it has no intention of using it for nursery purposes. Yet it has not deserted it altogether, for sometimes it will come and sing its loud, cheery, tuneful song, sitting in the



summer-house within 2yds. of me. It knows no fear. And then it will fly up into its nest, and put its head out now and then to inspect me; and, after a while, will come out again, and off somewhere about its business. I am not sure that it does not use the nest as a roosting-place. A pair of swallows are seriously contemplating building a nest there, and their graceful flight in and out is very pretty to watch, but I hardly know whether we shall be able to suffer them. It is curious, considering they are so insectivorous, what a fearful memory remains to me from schoolboy days of the insect guests that we used to find, quite uninvited, I am sure, in swallows' nests.



THE name of Mr. Edmund Selous is so much associated with thoughts of South Africa and the hunting of big game, that it will surprise many people to learn that his latest book is a most charming addition to the literature of the open air in England. He calls it "Bird Watching," and the editors of the Haddon Hall Library (Dent and Co.) may consider themselves fortunate in having secured it. To guess at the circumstances under which a book has been written is not always safe, but we feel sure that the groundwork of this volume must have been laid in boyhood. In no other way could the author have gained the familiarity with natural sights and sounds exemplified on every page. Although he almost too modestly in his preface deprecates the taking of his papers seriously, as additions to scientific knowledge they must possess great value to the student of evolution; for Mr. Selous does not go about his work in the random way to which the ordinary open-air word painter has accustomed us. There are one or two miscellaneous essays in the volume, but the great bulk of it is devoted to a study of birds during the breeding season. Very closely and curiously has Mr. Selous watched the dancing and antics, the ornaments and love cries, the methods of courtship, and other details incidental to this period. The result is a body of observations that are not only delightful to read by the general reader, but must prove of great value to the ornithologist. As it is the former we are concerned with here, a few extracts may be chosen to show what may be expected from the book. The first refers to the ornamental flight of the stock-dove, and may be compared with a well-known passage in "Wild Life in a Southern County."

This is the description given by Mr. Selous: "Sure enough, too, after awhile the bird, who of course is the visitor, rises—but into the air, *sans ceremonie*, as though to fly away. But having gone only a little distance, with quick strokes of the wings, it rests upon their expanded surface and, in a lovely easy sweep, sails round again in the direction from which it started. It passes beyond the plain, the wings now again pulsating, then makes another wide sweep of grace, and comes down near where it was before. In a little while it again rises, and again descends in the neighbourhood. Another now appears flying towards it, and, as it passes over where the first is sitting, this one rises into the air to meet it. They approach, glide from each other, again approach, and then alternately widening and narrowing the distance between them, one at length goes down, the other passing on to alight at last at that distance which the etiquette of the affair prescribes. This circling flight on swiftly resting wings is most beautiful. The pausing sweep, the lazy onwardness, the marriage as it were of rest and speed, is a delicious thing. Another sense, a delicate perfumed voluptuousness, a very banquet to the eye."

Of the wood-pigeon's similar flight Jefferies gave this delightfully-simple description: "They have a habit, as they rise and hover about their feeding-places, of suddenly shooting up into the air, and as suddenly sinking again to the level of their course, describing a line roughly resembling the outline of a tent if drawn on paper, a cone whose sides droop inward somewhat. They do this, too, over the ash woods, where they breed on the fir trees."

One of the few faults we have to find with Mr. Selous, a slight tendency to overdo his descriptions, becomes very apparent when his too diffuse and opulent description is placed side by side with the one quoted wherein Jefferies gives you the picture without a superlative adjective or a superfluous word of any kind. But here is one that we shall give without making comparisons, that are always more or less "odorous." It occurs incidentally while Mr. Selous is discussing sand-martins in a sandpit:

"Whilst watching these sand-martins, a pretty little quadrupedal picture was also presented to me. A rabbit, the mother of three, came with them all from her burrow, which was near the top of the pit, where it joined the fields on one side, and couched there delicately in the morning sunshine. The young ones flung themselves all three on their backs, and wedging themselves under her, two of them took their breakfast in this position. The third one, however, having tried in vain to get properly under her chest, made a detour, and then took her in the flank in ordinary formation, and with successful results. To see this, with the warm bright sand as a background and the swallows flying round! Lying dozing in the morning, one may have pretty dreams, but they are not often prettier than this. Blue sky, too, though it is England, and in the depth of spring!"

Here is a picture of female gulls which almost might apply to the human fair sex:

"Always, however, or almost always, one of the birds—and this one I take to be the female—is more eager, has a more soliciting manner and tender-begging look than the other. It is she who, as a rule, commences and draws the male bird on. She looks fondly up at him, and, raising her bill to his as though beseeching a kiss, just touches with it in raising the feathers of his throat—an action light, but full of endearment. And in every way she shows herself the most desirous, and, in fact, so worries and pesters the poor male gull that often, to avoid her importunities, he flies away."

And, finally, let us quote a fine sea picture:

"Leaving the palled blandishments of his spouse, the gull husband cleaves

the air, cuts the dark line of beetling precipice, and seeks the free haven of the open sea, where with other sensible repentant benedicts it wheels and circles. Suddenly a dusky form, slender and swallow-like, though as large as a pigeon, shoots over the rounded bastion of the heather, and, sweeping upward as it nears the cliff, darts upon one of the gulls. A second pirate follows. With wild cries and long gliding sweep; they press and harass the larger bird, who, doubling, twisting, avoiding, dodging, but never resisting, utters again and again a cry of distress and complaint. Its companions sweep and eddy about them, shooting athwart and between. They protest, they cry to heaven; their wild voices mingle in harsh, discordant unison with the rock dash of the waves and everlasting notes of the wind. Suddenly something drops from the oppressed gull. There is a sinking towards it of one of the dark shadows—swift beyond telling, but so soft that the speed is not realised; the object is covered loot, and almost with a jerk the eye—or rather the brain—realises that it has been caught in the descent. Empty, and now unregarded, the robbed bird sweeps on, and the pirates sweep back."

Our quotations may be taken, not as a few plums, carefully selected, but as fairly and truly representative of the character of the book, which is bound and illustrated in the manner that makes the Haddon Hall Library so delightful to handle.

Mr. E. F. Benson has again scored for popularity in his latest novel, "The Luck of the Vails" (Heinemann). His manner is, of course, his own; but, if we had to class the book, we should label it as of the Wilkie Collin's genus, which, if it is a limitation, is also a compliment. The plots of the author of "Armada" were so irresistible, that his readers were often compelled to rush breathlessly to each *dénouement* with little conscious perception of their author's literary excellence. In his present volume Mr. Benson also exhibits this characteristic. When the spell is ended, with a sigh of relief we close the book, and ruminate pensively on the scenes through which we have been hurried. With considerable self-disapproval we find that it is the villain of the tale who has stolen our sympathies, and find ourselves fascinated, even as Harry, Lord Vail, was, with this wicked uncle, who was so consistently charming and gay, that one feels a doubt whether to regard him as a villain or as a victim of heredity. The reflection will force itself that gaiety must be the most effectual disguise which an aspiring murderer could wear. That a light-hearted exterior should conceal the dark imaginations of evil passions surprises us to the point of incredulity, and we exclaim with Hamlet:

"My tables, my tables—meet it is we set it down,  
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain."

In this way suspicion is laid to sleep, and even the plain evidence of our own senses is discredited. We will not sketch the plot of the book; it is not fair to intending readers, and is even a loss to the author. Geoffrey Langham and Harry Vail are the Damon and Pythias of the story, and are cleverly and sympathetically placed before us. Lady Oxted, *grande dame*, and most staunch and genial friend, is only excelled in delightful womanliness by Evie, her niece and ward. We are allured by the whimsical cynicism of Lord Oxted, although he has but a small part to play in the drama; perhaps his chat with his wife about a secret which she doubted the propriety of keeping is as good an example of his style as any:

"Dear Bob," said Lady Oxted, "I want your advice about another matter." A faint smile came over Lord Oxted's thin, sharp face. He usually smiled when his wife came to him for advice.

"What sort of advice?" he asked. "Be far more explicit before you consult me. Do you want to tell me of some decision you have made, and wish me to agree with you, or is it possible that you have not yet made your decision? It is as well to know, Violet, and it may save me from misunderstanding you."

"Lady Oxted laughed, 'I am not yet sure which it is. Let me tell you my story, and by that time, you see, I may have made up my mind; in which case I shall want the first sort of advice, but if I have not, the second.'

"That sounds fair," he assented; and in a few words she told him how Evie had asked her to keep a certain matter secret from her for ever. "And now," she concluded, "am I to promise or not?"

"Certainly promise," he said; "and, being a woman, you will probably, at the very back of your mind—the very back, I say—reserve to yourself the right to break it, if it becomes inconvenient to keep it."

"Don't be rude, Bob; I think I shall promise, but at the same time write to Mrs. Aylwin."

"Her husband chuckled quietly. 'That is precisely what I meant' he said, 'only I did not put the reservation quite so far forward in your mind.'

"You agree with me, then?" she asked.

"Completely, entirely, fervently. For it is clear to me that you want the first sort of advice."

A little further on we have a pretty picture of Evie lounging in a white dressing-gown by an open window, through which came the "hum of ambient London, . . . like the drowsy sound of innumerable bees. . . . 'Hark! hark!' she cried; 'hundreds, and thousands, and millions of people are there! . . . What a jolly world it is, to be sure! I am so glad God thought of it! Is that profane? No, I think not.'" It is a characteristic little speech, bright with the imaginative naïveté of a child, and shows the budding woman in a promising light.

The "Luck" of the Vails was a dazzling cup of jewelled gold, which seems to have been "ill to want and worse to have." It bore the following legend inscribed upon it:

"When the Luck of the Vails is lost,  
Fear not fire nor rain nor frost;  
When the Luck is found again,  
Fear both fire and frost and rain."

A poor rhyme, but it is made to serve its purpose in the development of the story; whether, however, the employment of such a gorgeous gewgaw as a motive power is justifiable in a drama of modern life is quite another matter. It feels rather like a sop thrown to the multitude than an item of a plot deliberately sketched out by a novelist of the twentieth century.

The book wanted more careful reading than it seems to have had; for instance, we find Evie called Violet several times on pages 103-4. "He is thinking of having a little *ventre a terre*, as somebody said, in town," is no doubt a quoted malapropism of *pied-a-terre*, but reads a little obscurely as it stands; and, though it may be technically correct to speak of a "noble company of secular trees," it is so unusual as to be barely comprehensible.

# THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS.

THE interest of the Championship Lawn Tennis Meeting at Wimbledon was immensely increased this year by the visit of the two famous American players, Mr. Dwight Davis and Mr. Holcombe Ward. The Americans have made a great study of lawn tennis. They treat it perhaps more seriously than we ever have treated it, and certainly more seriously than we now are inclined to treat it. This scientific attention has not failed to bear results. They are past masters of the up-at-the-net game, the lob over the head of an opponent at the net, and the "stop-volley" stroke. This last is a way of meeting the volley that is not known at all to the lawn tennis player of the ordinary garden party, though now and again, no doubt, the plays the stroke without much knowledge or intention. It consists in meeting the ball, rather than striking it, with the racquet loosely held in the hand, and the effect is to make the ball drop, "like a poached egg," just over the net. The closer the player is to the net the more effective is the stroke, and the right-up-to-the-net play of the Americans is well suited to it. They rely on the high lobbing stroke more than our men, and now and again will play it even when one of the other side is well back in the court and it is not merely a question of putting the ball out of the way of a volleyer. This high lob, delivered with cut, is not easy to deal with effectively, and the return often gives a chance to the man at the net.

A fine double-handed match was played in the course of the week between Mr. Davis and Mr. Ward, opposed to Mr. Hillyard and Dr. Eaves. Mr. Hillyard played very attractive lawn tennis all through the week, but it was marked by brilliancy rather than steadiness. A notable instance of this was his game with Mr. Gore in the singles. The latter very hard-working player fairly wore him down by his greater steadiness, although Mr. Hillyard's play now and again was far more brilliant than anything done by his opponent. The same features were seen in the game wherein he was partner to Dr. Eaves against the American pair. The brilliant play was that which Mr. Dwight Davis and Mr. Hillyard showed, but the steadiest work was done by Mr. Ward. Dr. Eaves was a very useful help to Mr. Hillyard, but he failed more than once at the same stroke, over-head. On the whole, the service of the American pair was less severe than report had foretold it, and, in point of fact, Dr. Eaves seemed to win as many



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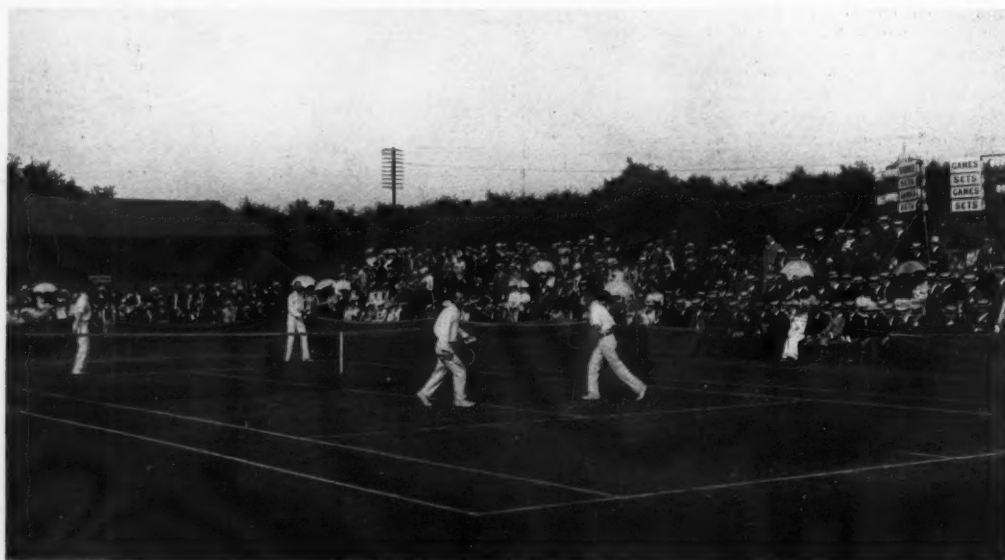
THE SINGLES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

service games as either of them. Certainly Mr. Davis put more cut on the ball than our players even aim to put on, but it did not seem to make it at all untakeable.

It is hardly to be said that Mr. Hillyard and Dr. Eaves are quite the best pair that England, or Great Britain, to give ourselves the wider scope, could put against the Americans. The Doherty brothers would have something to say to such a statement as that. On the other hand, we believe that for a double match America could not send us anything much better than Mr. Dwight Davis and Mr. Holcombe Ward. To the former of these, by the by, the cause of International, *i.e.*, Anglo-American, lawn tennis owes a very large debt. Mr. Davis is the giver of the New International Challenge Cup. There are men in America—Mr. Whitman, Mr. Wright, Mr. Larned, Mr. Wrenn (two Mr. Wrenns indeed)—who are as good as either of this American pair in single matches; and we owe apologies to others whose names at the moment are not in our mind; but, as a pair, we believe that none are better—let us put it in that form—in America, than Mr. Dwight Davis and Mr. H. Ward. Therefore we want to see what our best, the Doherty brothers (for we do not take it that they are anything but the best), can do with them. We have seen what Mr. Hillyard and Dr. Eaves can do with them—that is to say, that they can make them play "for all they are worth," as the cant phrase goes. The Americans

just won. They might not win on the second occasion of meeting, and, again, they might. We believe them to be just a little the better. It is more than likely that before these observations come to the dignity of print the American pair will have met the strongest pair that we can put against them; and they may win, but we do not think they will. If they do win, they will owe it chiefly to two features of their game—its energy at every point and the use of the high lob. The latter we have spoken of. The former is a quality that distinguishes all the American lawn tennis players from our own. They play harder, in the sense that they seem to go in more to win at every stroke. The Briton seems rather as if he were playing a scientific waiting game all the time, and just biding his opportunity to make



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THE DOUBLES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



the finishing stroke of the rally. But the American seems to be doing more than this. He seems to be doing his utmost to make every stroke his final opportunity; he is aggressive all the time. It is this quality that seems to have upset the weaker pairs against whom the Americans had to play in the championship tournament. Of course, such players as the Doherty brothers are not to be upset by any vehemence of attack, but it has its "bustling" effect on smaller men.

Naturally there was a very great deal of very fine lawn tennis throughout the meeting, apart from the doings of the Americans and of the doubles championship generally. Mr. Gore played a very pertinacious game throughout, and by his consistent play thoroughly deserved the honour that has come to him, although in one sense we would have liked to have seen Mr. R. F. Doherty score his fifth victory. At times Mr. Mahony showed great brilliancy, but at others his game suffered from that unaccountable falling away that is only too characteristic of it. Mr. S. H. Smith was rather unexpectedly knocked out early in the singles tournament. Of the ladies, Mrs. Sterry has played very well, as also has Mrs. Hillyard, and their partnership is an exceedingly strong one, although Miss Robb and Miss Lowther did win the first game of their set against them. But it is impossible to indicate all that is good, and the task is an invidious and a thankless one to attempt.

We owe a good deal to the American visit for reviving an interest that threatened to become a little moribund in lawn tennis. The game has so many competitors, what with golf, the new croquet, and so forth. But the coming of the American pair that has held the double championship for the last two years successively on their own side of the Atlantic has given a new feature of interest—not only the interest of watching the result, but the more scientific interest of watching methods of play slightly different from our own. The courts were in very good order, and probably it is more easy for the American coming here to adapt himself to the less brilliant light of our island home of fogs, than for our players who go there to get used to their more brilliant sunshine. In America more rest is allowed between the sets—which is perhaps necessary in that climate.

There was a good deal of difficulty in getting umpires for some of the matches during the week. It is a difficult and thankless task, but still, it behoves us to do as we would



Copyright MR. R. F. DOHERTY SERVING. "C.L."

be done by—that is to say, to umpire in order that others may umpire for us in our turn, even as we undertake the duties of trustees and executors although we do not like them. The world, even the lawn tennis world, will not get on without a little altruism.

Quite a large number of American sportsmen must be in the United Kingdom at the present time. Our trans-Atlantic



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cousins are represented at Henley, and the racing army, we know, is to a great extent recruited from the land of the Stars and Stripes. Then, Americans have lately been giving unusually fine athletic performances in competition with Englishmen. But it will not be until the autumn of this year that a return visit of any sort will be paid—in the shape of Shamrock II. We hear so much said on all sides as to the healthiness of these particular forms of international rivalry, that it is needless to reiterate any of it here. One point, however, is very clear; and that is, that these Anglo-American competitions, whilst invariably attracting great interest, are yearly increasing in number, and this would not be so were they distasteful to either side. From this fact none but the happiest auguries can be drawn. The only fear in the bosom of British sportsmen is that, with his expansive nature, Uncle Jonathan may not, lest he be accused of doing things by halves, swamp the markets of both sport and commerce, and carry off more sporting trophies than is seemly. Mr. John Bull is ever "game," but he prefers to see his sons win rather than lose. But if lose they must, there are those to whom they can lose with a worse grace than to their American cousins.

American influence on the lawn tennis of this country is, as we have said, all for the good. It is surprising, perhaps, that other games, such as baseball, for which Yankees display much keenness, have not "taken on" over here to a similar extent. Baseball in England is almost on an equality with cricket in America. There is no accounting for tastes. But this is not an essay on national manners and customs; and since these lines are written many days before the publication of COUNTRY LIFE, we may conclude with the hope that with a good afternoon's play the International Challenge Cup may stay on our shores.

## A STOUT HORSE.

LIKE many horses who have carried off the best prizes which the racing world has to give, Grudon is a horse with a distinct personality of his own, and that personality, moreover, is not noted for its amiability or its good nature. Many grand horses there have been, who resembled the traditional cow in their extreme docility and perfect kindness; but Grudon is not one of these, and he is liable to inflict no slight injury on unwary persons if he gets the opportunity; and he cares not whether the person he attacks be a man or a woman. Mr. Bletsoe has a tremendous pull over the majority of people who train steeplechasers, in that he is allowed the free and unrestricted use of the park of Castle Ashby, which, as everybody knows, is the property of the Marquess of Northampton, one of whose ancestors, in years gone by, getting tired of having his horses trained at Newmarket, caused a splendid training-ground to be laid out in his park, which

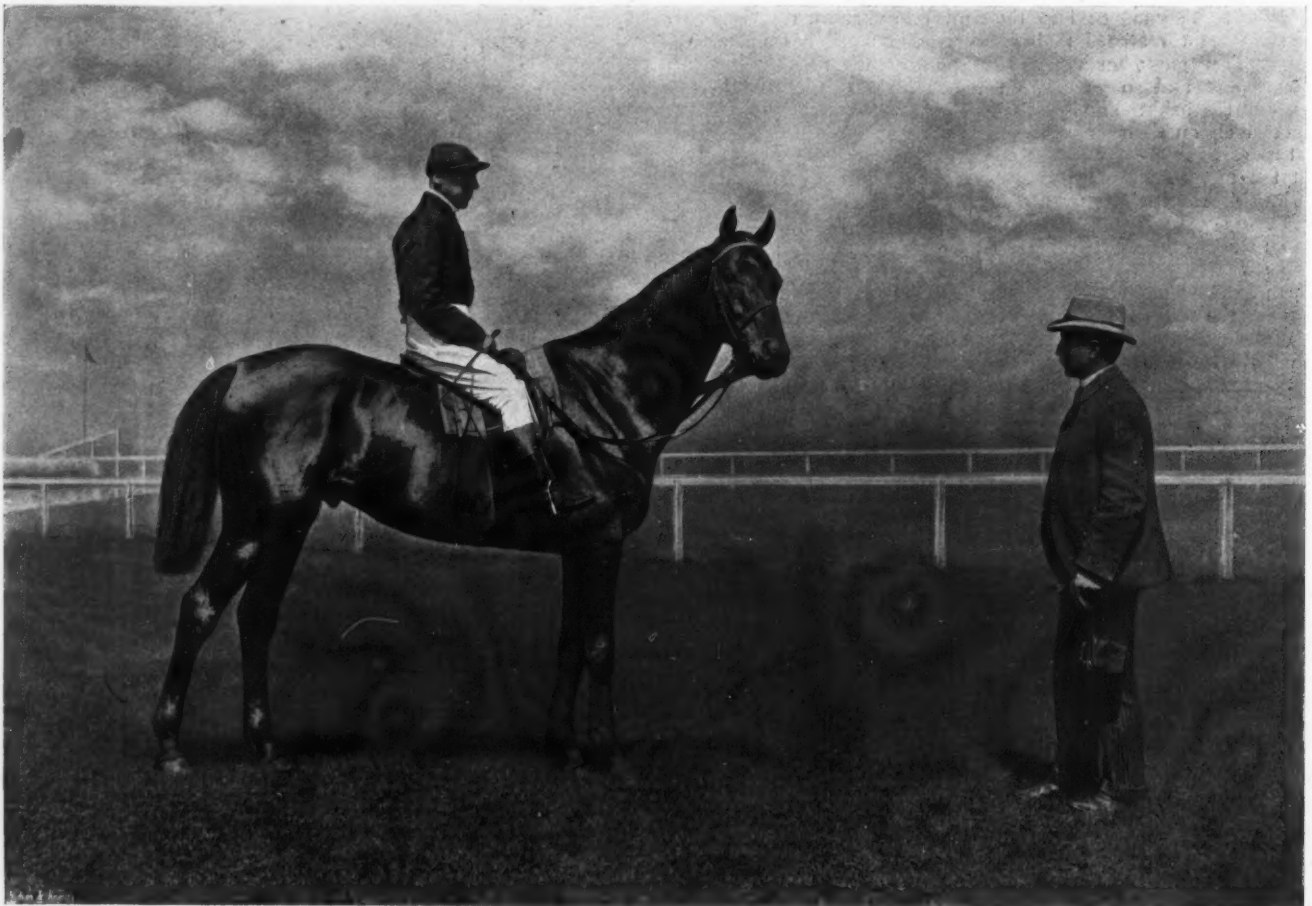
included, among other things, a straight gallop of over four miles. Here, in the sweet seclusion of the country, seven miles away from the chimneys of Northampton, Grudon, Barsac, and their friends do their work, and here Miss Mildred Bletsoe rides the "National" winner in his gallops over the fences; and it is very careful she has to be when she gets off the great horse, for he is by no means partial to a lady's habit, and when Miss Bletsoe once gets off his back, he does his best to prevent her getting on again, though not, it must be confessed, with any great degree of success. Like many other winners of the Grand National, Grudon has no claim to be considered thorough-bred.

He is by a good old horse called Old Buck, out of a mare called Avis, while further back in his pedigree can be found the blood of Ascetic, Hermit, and, further back still, Newminster. Besides being a little queer in his temper, he is a horse with distinct preferences, and although Mr. Morgan Bletsoe had ridden him to victory on numerous occasions, he conceived such a great dislike to him, that the mount in the "National" was given to A. Nightingall, who is to be seen on the back of the horse in the picture which accompanies these notes, and in whose hands he has invariably done his very best. Grudon is thoroughly, and above all things, English—English in his breeding, trained by English methods, and belonging to English people, for the family of Bletsoe is one of the old yeoman families which are all too scarce now, and whom the depression in land in many cases has driven from the country into the towns, until they have become separated and lost. In spite of the glorious record which lies behind him, Grudon is not an old horse, being only eight, and, as he is as sound and well to-day as he ever was in his life, there would seem to be no reason why he should not add yet more successes to his long list before he

it is never a rare insect, the spectacle of half-a-dozen of these swift-winged moths whizzing about Covent Garden Market at noonday, and hovering over the bunches of flowers in florists' shops, making Londoners believe that humming-birds had come to town, struck one as decidedly curious. But last year there was a great falling off in the number of humming-bird hawk moths, thus showing that if similar climatic causes produced the plethora of this insect and of the clouded yellow butterflies and death's head moths, they were causes which operated a year sooner in its case, and spent their force before the others felt it fully.

#### INSECT PLAGUES.

Another insect which was too terribly abundant last year, at any rate in some parts of the country, was the earwig. In North Norfolk it swarmed into houses in loathsome multitudes, and I fear that there are indications of another "earwig plague" for this autumn. Also, this summer we have had—have still, in fact—an ominous superabundance of the summer chafer, that blundering purblind beetle which buzzes in the dusk of evening, like a fawn-coloured halo, round the trees, and sometimes round the heads of human beings, under the impression, apparently, that they are some sort of edible plant. A terror to croquet parties is *Rhizotrogus solstitialis*, as men of science choose to call this lesser cousin of the cockchafer, or maybug, for ladies always jump excitedly to the conclusion that everything which is brown and buzzes must be a bee or a hornet. If the summer chafer is susceptible to pride, he must feel vastly dignified by the shrieks with which his persistence in looking for leaves at the back of someone's head is often greeted. Let us hope, however, that their abundance now does not presage a plague



W. A. Rouch.

GRUDON.

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goes to stud to propagate more "National" winners; let us hope. Singularly enough, Grudon was no good whatever as a three year old, and if he had belonged to a less careful owner his brilliancy might never have been discovered.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

COMMON AND RARE.

July 1st.

**B**EFORE this date last year we had had premonitions that it was going to be a "Clouded Yellow year," for that remarkably handsome butterfly of vivid orange with broad mourning border had already been noticed in almost every part of the country, but especially on the South Coast. I had seen it myself dodging among the traffic of the High Street of a western town. When the clouded yellow appears flickering down the roadside in June, you may be sure that it is going to be abundant in August and September, marking the year with gold in the memory of all young collectors; for when the clouded yellow (*C. Edusa*) is abundant, so also is its rare and beautiful greenish variety (*Helia*), as well as the pale clouded yellow (*Hyale*), and at no other times can one hope to get full and perfect series of these. Last year was also a "Death's Head year," for I do not remember this, the finest of all British insects, ever having been more common. In the previous year (1899) the humming-bird hawk moth had been absurdly common, for, although

of them next year, for the summer chafer has appeared occasionally in such myriads as to strip orchards, woods, and gardens of their leafage; while, although the ravages of his grubs are much less noticed ordinarily than those of the cockchafer, he works underground havoc also in his immature stages. Now, therefore, is the time for the "farmer's friend," the rook, to make up his mind to justify his title—as he has done more than once during cockchafer epidemics—by suppressing *Rhizotrogus solstitialis* in the next generation. While the tendency of rural complaint is that rooks are becoming too numerous, it will not do to have plagues of chafers at the same time.

#### EATING A CATERPILLAR.

Taking one season with another, however, I doubt whether any British insect deserves suppression more than the goat moth. I know no estate where tons upon tons of timber are not being ruined by the caterpillar of this creature, although you may meet foresters who attribute all the mischief to the small beetles which breed in the noisome tunnels excavated by this huge flesh-coloured grub. The magnificent Imperial instincts of the ancient Romans have been justly belauded by historians, but in no respect did they exhibit more courage of conquest than in eating this caterpillar. Yet in literature they smacked their lips over the "cossus"; and *cossus* the moth is called to this day. It is also called "*ligniperda*," from its destruction of wood, and in English "goat" moth, from the rank effluvium, recalling the he-goat's unpleasant odour, of the caterpillars' burrows. That the Romans could have taken any form of food out of these dank and odoriferous galleries, above all a fat, two-inch, purplish-pink grub, which wriggles backwards horribly with black menacing jaws when you essay to drag it forth, touches the sublime in gastronomic pluck; but in



disreard of nausea, there is but a short step from the sublime to the beastly. And for the credit of the Romans, we may be glad to hope that the wood-boring grub of their *hors d'œuvres* was, as some commentators think, a paler caterpillar, of milder aspect and less forbidding smell. Even so, they deserve that their statues should have medals on their waistbands to indicate the region where their greatest bravery was located.

#### POST-MORTEM ON A TREE.

To return, however, to the injury done to modern estates by the goat moth, we held a post-mortem this week upon the remains of a fine ash tree which came down in the wind. Bravely the old tree had made shift for many years to conceal the multitudinous troubles that were gnawing at his vitals; and although paralysed and desiccated lower limbs told the tale, he always held a proud head of green aloft as summer came round. That he should have been able to do so was marvellous, for the post-mortem revealed that at the base the whole trunk, with the exception of a narrow strip of bark and the adjoining wood, was dead and honeycombed with the inch-wide tunnels of the huge caterpillars. But though this slender living connection between branches aloft and root below sufficed for the passage of enough sap to keep the upper leafage green and vigorous, it was not enough to hold up the bole against a strong south-easter. So the great tree fell, and, in the crash, snapped through the most honeycombed section of the trunk, revealing to unaccustomed light of day many of the fat pink caterpillars that had wrought the mischief, and sprinkling the ground around with myriads of the woodlice and earwigs that populate the goat moth's disused tunnels.

#### THE GOAT MOTH'S RANGE OF MISCHIEF.

In the ordinary course, such perforated timber finds no market, and is often allowed to lie where it fell, until the caterpillars still inside it have turned into moths and flown away to infect other growing trees with the same fatal affliction. Nor do the moths always lay their eggs in the standing trees where they were born and bred, but often seek some trunk with intact bark, Nature having supplied the females with a long thin tube, through which the eggs can be laid deep down in the crevices thereof. Thus you may often find a tree with several inoculations made in different parts of the trunk, and within a half-mile radius of the fallen ash I doubt if a single oak, ash, elm, or poplar has escaped. The wonder is that no organised effort is ever made to get rid of this timber destroyer on a comprehensive scale. To detect the infected trees is always easy, and in most cases the feeding caterpillars betray themselves by their odour, as well as by the moisture issuing from the bark within which they are feeding. While the colony is young, judicious excision might remove them and save the tree; but when they have grown large, and carried the mischief into the heart of the timber, more drastic measures would be necessary. But whatever is done should always be performed before June, in which month the perfect goat moths—very large and handsomely-brindled moths, with a cream-coloured collar—begin to emerge and sit sleepily on the tree trunks for several hours before taking flight. In the item of collecting goat moths alone, an assiduous entomologist might save tons of timber to an estate.

#### THE TERNS' BREEDING GROUND.

The terns, which are protected in their breeding ground near Wells, in Norfolk, have had a good season this year. So, too, have the ringed plover, which nest with them. There are still plenty of the later nests with eggs, and plenty of eggs seemingly without nests; for the tern, ordinarily content with



F. Mason Good.

MISS CHARLOTTE YONGE'S HOME.

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any sort of a depression among sand or pebbles for a nest, seems to grow careless as the season passes, and to lay an odd egg or two here, there, or anywhere, on the off-chance of something sitting upon them. Like the rural housewife, who is always lavish with the eggs from her poultry-yard in summer, but counts the early produce in spring with jealous accuracy, the terns feel, no doubt, that they have done pretty well this year, and can afford to waste an egg or two. For almost every tuft of the coarse, needle-pointed grass that furs the bare sandhills hides one or more dull mottled balls of fluff, which pretend to be anything except what they are—young terns. And overhead, all the while, the parent terns, twinkling like white stars in the dazzling blue, maintain the incessant clamour of their kind, whereby many of their nests are saved from discovery, and some are brought to untimely destruction. For when you are gazing up into the sky at the birds, you cannot look for eggs on the ground, nor can you watch where you plant your feet, the result being that many a nest is trodden upon and the young birds destroyed.

E. K. R.

## THE HOME OF . . . . MISS CHARLOTTE YONGE.

NO doubt there are many of our readers who will readily recognise the charming house which forms the first illustration of this little article. It is the dwelling where Miss Charlotte Yonge was born and died. It is easy to see how very suitable the house must have been to the genius of the owner. Miss Yonge, as is well known, was extremely fond of the house, which was endeared to her by all the associations of infancy and young girl-

hood. Her father never having sent her to school, she remained at home even during the time at which other girls are receiving their education at school. Many of the younger writers of yesterday will recollect well the occasions on which they visited this house; for the very singular characteristic of the owner was that while she herself wrote in a style that was almost childishly simple, and her themes were of the commonest and most everyday type, she nevertheless exercised an influence second to none over the very greatest minds of her time. Probably this was what made Canon Dixon say that "The Heir of Redclyffe" he considered to be, after half a century's reflection and experience, "unquestionably one of the finest books in the world."

The other photograph represents a corner in Miss Yonge's garden, that speaks for itself and conveys a sense of that tranquillity and seclusion that were most dear to her. It seems rather late in the day to say anything about her now, since nearly every important journal in the country has pronounced its opinion—and generally a favourable one—upon



F. Mason Good.

MISS YONGE'S GARDEN.

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her work. But we imagine there are many who will be glad to look at those pictures of two scenes closely associated with her name.



It happened the other day, that just as I was starting for a few days in the country, there was handed to me for review the new book of John Oliver Hobbes, "The Serious Wooing" (Methuen). So I packed it in my bag, and read some in the train, but the greater portion in a sailing boat, with marshland stretches on either side, wild roses growing near the sea-walls, a clangour of many larks singing, a lapping of waves, and the soft blowing of a summer wind. Not a suitable accompaniment will be the verdict. Of all modern novelists Mrs. Craigie, it seems to me, is the most indifferent to Nature. Her characters never seem to be affected one way or another by their surroundings, neither by shine nor shower, calm nor tempest. Has this anything to do with the fact that no poor people appear in her pages? If she dealt with clowns and rustics, something of the fragrance of honysuckle and wild roses, something of bitter winter also, would force its way in. But Mrs. Craigie seems to grudge descending to anything under a duke, as a summary of the chief personages of her drama will show. The leading female is Rosabel, the Countess of Shortclough, whose mother is Lady Ragot, daughter of the twelfth Baron Dundrum, and widow of Sir Algernon Ragot, Baronet. Lady Ragot has three daughters who may have the pick of the dukes for husbands if they choose. It is true the leading man is a commoner, but he is also of the "best blood in Durham," and moves in a circle of titled companions, that is to say, when he is not socialising, one or two vulgar socialists being allowed to show as much of themselves as will convey a hint of the myriad wretches beyond the ken of the fashionable set. Mrs. Craigie, in addition to being fashionable, is very much up to date, since, at the very beginning of the story, we find the Court still in mourning for Queen Victoria; and the theatrical pieces alluded to in course of the narrative include those recent and highly-intellectual entertainments, "Florodora," "San Toy," and "The Messenger Boy." Other subjects that appear to have interested the cream of Society, are "Coriolanus" and the Brighton murder. It will not be denied that the plot is one eminently suited to the circumstances. Rosabel is introduced to the stage as a beautiful young woman married in her teens, to suit the ambition of her family, to a peer for whom she has no liking, and who, in fact, is an invalid and an imbecile. Amid much discussion of marriage from an orthodox and an unorthodox point of view, she, in a frenzy of love, agrees to a rational marriage (which is a polite way of saying a union without any legal sanction whatever). Almost at the instant when this step is taken her husband dies, but the fact is for a time concealed from her, an ingenious misunderstanding is got up between her and her lover, and, in her trouble and despair, she agrees to accept one of the many persons who populate this volume, and is thus for the second time a wife. The misunderstanding is cleared up, and she goes back to her lover. Such, baldly epitomised, is "The Serious Wooing," which might fairly be described as the most topical novel of the day, reflecting, fairly enough what Society thinks of certain events of the last six months.

We could scarcely explain its character better than by a quotation intended to be descriptive of life at a fashionable London restaurant:

"Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Beaufort, Lord Wroxall, Sir Courtenay Ragot, and Luttrell were waiting in the vestibule of the Carlton Hotel. The Duke was a gloomy, good-looking youth, with a perpetual frown of distrust, and a very tolerable figure. Most men thought him a prig, and many eager mothers complained that he gave himself ridiculous airs. To Rosabel and her little sister, however, he was uncommonly gracious—a perfect duck, in fact, as Susie said. How tenderly the band played as the party marched into the restaurant; how the first violin, in a kidling uniform, swayed recklessly in his moan of the 'Simple Aveu (by request)'; how the people nudged each other to point out Lady Shortclough; how they badgered the head-waiter for the names of the ugly, wizened man with a face like shrivelled parchment, and the clever, foreign-looking man, and the horsey man, and the sweetly pretty young girl with the lovely white neck and arms! And as for Beaufort. Fellows, who said they could not stand him, fasted half through their dinners in their efforts to catch the dual eye."

One feels through it that the great lack of Mrs. Craigie is charm. Her heroine is intended to be adorable, and yet she lacks that nameless winning grace which would have made her philosophy tolerable. She has wit and cleverness enough, but her work loses in value on account of her omission to observe and endow her characters with the endless fads and peculiarities of men, a want of dramatic creation, in fact. Her style, also, is too hard and dry; it wants softness and humour, so that the characters never come to us like Gainsborough's portraits, which were as thin as "blown on the canvas."

Like many another journalist I have now and again consumed a dish of pudding at the Cheshire Cheese, and am glad to see that the "Book of the Cheese" (Unwin) has come to a fourth edition, which is issued under the editorship of M. R. R. D. Adams. Only a few nights ago I dined there with the champion of a game that shall be nameless, a famous writer, and an acquaintance from "the States," and really it was surprising how much we all got interested in explaining to the last-mentioned the beauties of the place, its sand-dusted floor, old Samuel's seat, the characteristic dishes, the toasted cheese, and all the rest of it. Often, when staying in the country, I have sighed for the fleshpots—I mean the single dish dinner—of the Cheese. You go, for instance, into an Highland hotel, and they serve you with a dinner of eight or nine courses. It is not really satisfactory, but only an imitation of the London restaurant, and not a very good one. And who wants that sort of fare in the Highlands? Far more appropriate and welcome would it be if they would revert to the older fashion, and offer their guests salmon or trout from their own stream, a leg of hill mutton, and a bit of Highland cheese, all washed down with the wine of the country—and it is unnecessary to give that a name! But I suppose there are people in this world so fond of complicated meals that

this simple fare would keep them grumbling all the next day, when they should be admiring the glories of strath and corrie. But it is the same all over, and nearly every wayside inn has its hotel fare and hotel tariff.

There is a little heap of books on which I meant to say a word, but it is a case of "short rede, good rede," and from a bare mention the reader may perhaps be able to judge how far each will suit his or her personality. Taking them without order, first to hand comes Mr. Sam Wood's "Random Notes" (Neale and Co.), a collection of fresh and simple essays of the open-air, quite agreeable reading for this season of the year. A second dive brings up a dainty little book on "The Malvern Country" (Methuen), which is written by C. A. Windle, and charmingly illustrated by Mr. Edmund New, an artist never more felicitous than in drawings more or less architectural. The matter reminds me of happy years spent at Cheltenham, when, in a gig drawn by a grey Irish mare, and in good company, I explored Tewkesbury, Deerhurst, Pershore, the Malverns, the Bredon Hills, Hereford, and other bits of a land as delightful as any in England. This book makes me regret, however, that it was not published in the day of my wanderings. "On, withered is the garland of the war, the soldier's pole is fallen": that is the motto of Mr. Gilbert Parker's "When Valmon came to Pontiac" (Methuen), a book first published in the old N.O., and now arrived at the honour of a sixpenny edition. A fourth plunge brings up a very pleasing little book by that excellent authority, Professor Henslow, "The Story of Wild Flowers" (Newnes). It is a fascinating study, that in the most charming manner imparts life and interest to what to many of us are the dry facts of botany.

The indwelling hope of good looks latent in the female breast is sufficient excuse for the manufacture of beauty manuals. Mrs. Humphry's "Beauty Adorned" (Unwin) will deserve its welcome from the plainest member of the sex. O' beauty for its own sake there is little remark; but to arm beauty for conquest is the darling task that "Madge" has set herself. The children of vanity are advised how they may accentuate their good points and dissemble their shortcomings. There are hints for readers of all dimensions and conditions—plump or scraggy, the dowdy, or the minx, and those come to "the sere the yellow leaf" are comforted by the inevitable reference to Helen of Troy and Ninon de l'Enclos. Although she does not recommend painting or pencilling, "Madge" is still tolerant enough to give palliative advice to the hundred and one "artists" whose canvas is the human face.

Books to order from the library:

"The Inheritors." Joseph Conrad and F. M. Hueffer. (Heinemann.)

The Anglo-Saxon Review Edited by Lady Randolph Churchill.

"Continental Road Travel in Central and Western Europe." W. T. A. Stamer. (Chapman and Hall.) ON-LOOKER.

## RACING NOTES.

MR. "JOE" DAVIS cannot be very much pleased with the success of the race for the Victoria Cup, which was duly run and disposed of at Hurst Park last Saturday. Either the owners of race-horses are, as a class, deficient in sentiment, or else the 300 sovereigns which were added to the gold statuette were not sufficient to induce trainers to forsake the older races, or else—and

I think that probably this is the real reason—the race was set down to be run at a time when there is a surfeit of races to choose from, and when it requires a very valuable prize indeed to tempt those who have the control of horses out of the beaten paths. The entry of San Toy raised hopes that the race might, after all, prove interesting, but a prudent policy was pursued with Mr. Edwards's great horse, as was only natural after his Ascot victory, and his withdrawal left only a very moderate field. Two other races at this meeting deserve notice. One is the Duchess of York Plate, which the disappointing Floriform appropriated after a hard fight with Padlock II., thus showing conclusively, to my mind at any rate, that the hopes which were built up concerning his possible success in the Derby were unfortunately founded upon a false basis, and that he is quite as moderate as the other three year olds; and the other race is the Hurst Park Foal Plate, which Lavengro, the worst of Mr. Sievier's brilliant trio, mark you, won without the slightest semblance of an effort. The name of Mr. Sievier has now become one of those names which are bound to recur over and over again in any article upon current racing, and, in passing, I notice that one of our best sporting writers flings a gentle jibe at those people who regret that Duke of Westminster, etc., do not belong to the House of Westminster, and maintains that, for the purpose of his argument, everybody who bets at all is a professional tacker, and that it is unkind to label Mr. Sievier with this distinctive title. Whether this writer refers to me I naturally have no means of ascertaining, but I do know that I was the first person to express this regret, and that I still think it is a subject for regret. Nobody suggests that Mr. Sievier does not run his horses in a perfectly irreproachable manner. All that was meant was that, in the interests of sport, it is well that first-class animals, really first-class animals, should belong, if possible, to owners to whom betting was a superfluity and not a general habit. Such owners are few in number, but they do exist, and the Duke of Westminster happens to be one of them. Hence the reason for expressing such a wish.

Sad as it may seem, and irritating to lovers of English things as it undoubtedly is, it is a horrid, naked, ugly, obvious fact that the Americans are not only teaching us some things which we did not know, but that we even require their aid to remind us of important truths which we had undoubtedly forgotten. And one of these important truths of the existence of which they have recently reminded us is, that a sound race-horse is capable of more exertion than one race in one week, and that if a horse's legs are all right he may—I do not say he will, but he may—win good races over very varying distances at very short intervals. If any doubt this, let them look at Kilmarnock II. and Spectrum at Ascot; and if further proof is desired the case of Forfarshire can be quoted without hesitation. And yet it is only two or three seasons since owners became so careful about their animals, and in 1897 and 1898 we find one or two prominent men going to the other extreme, as, for instance, in the case of Herminius, whom Mr. Hammond undoubtedly broke down by overwork. I am no melancholy croaker, but there are some unpleasant truths which cannot be overlooked, and one of these truths is this: the numerous prizes that are given for two year old races have encouraged owners and trainers to prepare their horses with a view simply to the victory of the present, and have prevented them from realising the fact that a two year old overworked is a three year old ruined, and that a three year old broken up is useless as a sire. How often this has been said in different ways I should be sorry to know, but it is so glaring, so



obvious, so absolutely vital, that it would seem impossible that the powers that be can ignore it; but the powers that be, like the Medes and Persians, are wont to plume themselves upon their rigidity of purpose, even in the face of great and urgent necessity for reform. Give us special races of great value at first-class meetings for horses and mares (not geldings) of three years old and upwards who have not won previously, and let such races be run over some considerable distance, say a mile and a-half, or even two miles. Thus, and thus only, will the breed of the British thorough-bred be improved, and we shall find in a few years not one or two really good horses in one season, such as we have at present, but many of them, home-grown, and worthy of the growing, fit to meet and to beat the American and the Australian for speed, stamina, and, above all, for hardiness.

The habit of making unpleasant and unfounded insinuations concerning the actions of people about whom the creator of the insinuations has no definite data on which to found his calumnies, is not one which should be encouraged in any branch of sport, and we who live in the racing world and in the atmosphere of racing things and within the ken of racing people, hear so much that is spiteful and untrue, that the poisoned shafts become denuded of their venom, and we believe "none of these things" unless their originator can bring us chapter and verse, and not even then if we can see a loophole by which it is possible for us to escape the unpleasant conviction. But some men, unfortunately, are more sensitive than the general run, and Lord Durham happens to be a man who, being the soul of honour himself, keenly and bitterly resents it when people of the baser kind attribute sordid motives to him. All of which preamble is simply an explanation of the reasons why Osbeck did not run in the Northumberland Plate, which is the same thing as saying why Osbeck did not win the Northumberland Plate. The horse, as everybody knows, has not had the best of luck so far, with the result that invective spoke darkly, and, for the matter of that, wrote darkly also, about the "readying" of Osbeck for Gosforth Park. Hearing of these things, Lord Durham put an end to the matter by withdrawing his horse, thereby voluntarily giving away an excellent chance of winning a race which is run in his county, and in which he particularly likes to see his colours successful. Such power for evil have the irrepressible and evil-minded on occasion.

The days of real, hearty, ante-post betting are gone for ever, but a few isolated quotations have been recorded about the St. Leger, and, if they mean anything, which is a little doubtful, they mean that Volodyovski will win in a canter. As far as past racing can teach us anything, this would seem to be a just and proper conclusion, but it must be remembered that September is not May, and that it is not for nothing that it has been christened the "mares' month." Floriform, William III., Revenue, Olympian, and others are all liable to run, including several mares who should show to better advantage. That William III. will do his very best we know, and it is possible that Floriform may improve; but if the Epsom running meant anything at all, Volodyovski can hold all these perfectly safe. But there is plenty of time, and "we shall see what we shall see."

BUCEPHALUS.

## FROM THE PAVILION.

FEW things have given cricketers more satisfaction than the birth of a child, a little baby victory, to Somersetshire. I use the word "baby" inadvisedly, perhaps, as the win was over Lancashire, so strong a county that the term "thumping baby" might have been appropriate, especially as Somerset only batted once. Moreover, the child was a first-born, as far as this season is concerned, whereat the rejoicings should be the greater. Palairet's fine innings of 182 was the prominent feature of the game, in which over 1,000 runs were scored for thirty wickets, but it was good out-cricketer, especially the fielding and catching, that really gained the victory. It was a bad blow for Lanca hire, which has now lost three matches and won eight. To Yorkshire nothing comes amiss, Derbyshire being the latest victims, though as the latter county is at the bottom of the ladder it perhaps did well in compelling Yorkshire to bat twice over. Then again, Gloucestershire, who scored very consistently—everyone getting into double figures except Jessop, and he ran into three—administered a very nasty snub to Warwickshire, whom they defeated by ten wickets, while Kent went down before Worcestershire. The county of hops is indeed doing badly this year—why, nobody knows; the team is almost identical with that of last year, but the members of it never seem to be in form simultaneously. R. E. Foster played two beautiful innings for Worcestershire; it is true that he is not making the frequent century that he made last year, but he is scoring with great freedom and great regularity, and his form, men say, is as attractive as ever. One of the most interesting matches of last week, however, was between Essex and Surrey, for though the latter county is the stronger, its rival from the East has often caused it serious trouble. So it was on this occasion, for Essex, having a hopeless number of runs to make to win, set to work to defend their wickets for nearly five hours, which feat was performed for the loss of but five wickets and the aggregation of 197 runs. No one can blame Essex, but to what depths cricket is sinking! There are those who say that cricket is now a matter of gate-money, but where will the gate-money come from if a Saturday afternoon crowd is to be treated to nothing but defensive cricket, however good and sound? The missing of an easy catch, however, may have seriously affected the issue. Scoring ruled large, but only Holland of Surrey got into three figures, though it was pleasant to find that Richardson and Lockwood, the old Surrey pair, were in good bowling fettle. Charles Fry gets more irrepressible week by week; in fact, "Grand Batting by Fry," or something similar, must be stereotyped on the broadsheets. It is perfectly true that playing at Eastbourne against Oxford he was good enough to let his old University get him out for 0; that was his good nature, but he blasted his character for kindness by scoring 219 not out at the second attempt, by cricket which is described as faultless, his defence being perfect while Sussex was in any danger of losing, and his hitting equally perfect when the danger had passed and he could afford to enjoy himself. Oxford, however, had batted very finely, Knox, the captain, falling short of 200 by only two runs, while the fielding, hitherto a weak point with the Oxoniens, showed up well. Cambridge, in their turn, fought very hard against a good M.C.C. team, only losing within three minutes of time. Heaps of runs were scored in the match, but the catching of both parties was gravely at fault. Dowson scored 64 and 105 for Cambridge, his first century, I believe, in a great match; but Fane, with 195 and 79 not out for the M.C.C., quite over-shadowed him, while Weigall made as many as 122 and 22 not out; these two, with Trott and King, hit so fast, that the 222 runs required to win were made in two hours and a-half, the last 54 being scored in 30 min.

These words will be in print before the Varsity match is over, but unless

the bowlers get some help from the ground, it can hardly fail to result in a draw. With a profound belief in Dav, Wilson, and Lon man as defensive cricketers, I believe that a soft wicket will be in favour of Cambridge; but, given a hard, true pitch, there should be many runs scored—probably at a slow pace—and no definite result attained. I confess, however, to expecting a dull three days as far as the mere spectacle is concerned. I doubt, indeed, whether any of the twenty-two will be invited to represent the Gentlemen, except perhaps Day, who is quite the best batsman on either side, and is in capital form at present.

The match between Eton and Winchester was a particularly good one, and, owing perhaps to the abandonment of the Fourth of June festivities, attracted a huge crowd of Old Etonians and other friends of the place. Winchester scored 259, to which Wright contributed an admirable 113; Eton's reply was 233, Mulholland batting very finely for 89; and eventually Eton had to score 214 to win, which they just did for the loss of eight wickets and shortly before "time." It was a capital game throughout, the schools running neck and neck, so that the smallest thing might have shifted the victory. There was some good batting, fair bowling, and good fielding, the Winchester boys making some excellent catches, but Eton had fewer chances in that line. Wright of Winchester, who is under fifteen, and Johnson, with Mulholland, Whately, and Hoare of Eton, should be heard of again.

W. J. FORD.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### FISHING IN ISLAY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I write to ask if, through the medium of your delightful paper, you will be so good as to give me some information respecting the island of Islay? I have the prospect of a holiday there during the latter half of August, and should like to know what fishing is to be had—whether loch, river, or burn only. Also what fish, and especially sea-trout? Could you also tell me if the sea-fishing is good? Is the scenery good? I'm a rascal I've asked a lot of questions, and must apologise for the same, but I'm quite ignorant as to the place, and so should like to know a little what to expect.—LEWIS F. BARTON.

[There is one really good trout loch in Islay, Loch Gorm, or Guram, about eight or nine miles from Bridgend. There is no river to speak of, but there are several small burns. The trout in these are very small, as a rule, but there are always a few sea-trout and finnock in the estuaries, and you might catch some of them with fly or minnow. We have caught large lythe in Islay Sound, and, with the exception of the trouting in Loch Gorm and one or two smaller lochs that are more strictly preserved, the best fishing is probably the sea fishing. But of course a deal depends on the amount of water in the burns—that is to say, on the rainfall, which generally is more than adequate.—ED.]

### THE UGLINESS OF BUILDINGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

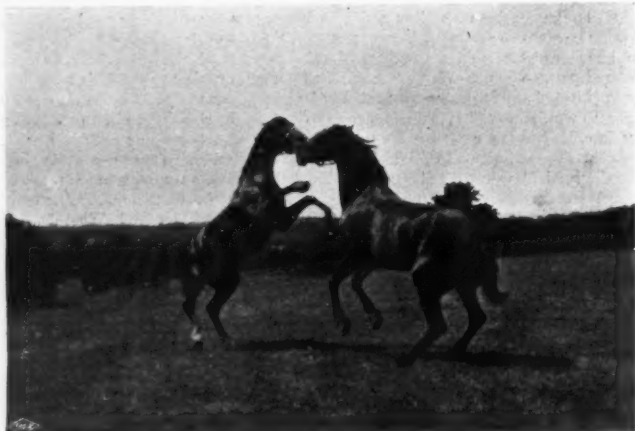
SIR,—Are commercial and artistic considerations as far as building is concerned necessarily opposed? This is the question which your correspondent should put to himself as the question to be answered before much progress can be made in solving the problem of how to make our buildings more beautiful. It is useless to invoke the aid of some philanthropic millionaire, to save us from the speculative builder and to gratify our cravings for the beautiful in architecture by munificently building at a loss, or investing his money at a rate of interest which would be considered a poor return for the less wealthy. For a millionaire to embark upon such an enterprise would be merely to create an artificial state of things which would in no way tend to improve the general run of house building, and it is this which it is necessary to remedy before any permanent good can be achieved. Personally, I believe that the solution is to be found in the education of the public taste, and that when the time shall arrive that people in general attach a paramount importance to artistic considerations, then will it be that a beautiful house will have a commercial value which an ugly or vulgar one can never have. Without predicating that this time is yet within a measurable distance, I am convinced that there is now a very considerable demand for artistic houses which is as yet almost entirely unmet, and that there are people who would be willing to pay a good deal more either in rent, or in purchase money, for something beautiful, than they are prepared to pay for the numerous "desirable," "bijou," and other residences at present at their disposal. The number of such people may not be very large, but it is continually increasing, and I cannot help feeling that if a moderate amount of capital were raised as in the ordinary course of business, and some really artistic houses were erected, a very reasonable return might be expected from the outlay. If some such enterprise were set on foot, I would suggest that the endeavour should be made under the patronage and supervision of some of our leading artists, and I believe that houses erected with the approval of such men would secure a value in the eyes of the art-loving public which no other houses would have. If such an undertaking should prove a success from the financial point of view, it would inevitably lead to other efforts being made in the same direction, and builders and developers of estates would vie with one another in seeking artistic patronage and artistic guidance. It is for lovers of art and for those to whom the beauty of the earth is a matter of vital importance to make the endeavour. I do not suggest that this endeavour should be made at a sacrifice, but that everything should be placed on a sound business footing. The problem, however, must be faced, and the conflict between the exactions of art on the one hand and those of commerce on the other must be settled by the making of art more an article of commerce than it is to-day. It must be demonstrated that art has a place in our daily life, that the forms of art are almost infinite, and that of all the arts, architecture and the decorative arts are perhaps the most important, as they are, or should be, always with us. Every house, every article of furniture or domestic use has a design of a kind, and that design has potentialities for excellence or vulgarity.—A MEMBER OF THE LEGAL PROFESSION.

### ROSE BUDS DESTROYED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Seeing a query in your issue of June 15th as to the tips of rose buds being cut or eaten away, I write to say that your correspondent will find, if he investigates the matter another year, that the injury is done by frost in May. The tip of the just-formed bud at the end of the shoot, so small as to be almost invisible to the naked eye, is exceedingly tender, and probably suffers real injury

when the thermometer has not quite reached freezing point. Frost will actually destroy this tender tip, so that at this time there may be seen in my garden many rose buds looking as if they had had their tips, or sometimes half the bud, clean cut off with a knife. When the bud has attained a certain size and become hard, it is not nearly so tender or liable to injury from cold, but we had 5deg. of frost on the morning of May 18th, and it was this which ruined an immense number of rose buds.—A. FOSTER-MELLIAR.



TWO OLD FRIENDS QUARREL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed snap-shot was taken of two carriage horses when first turned out to grass. They were the best of friends in double harness, but seemed to take a dislike to one another when loose, as they ran at each other with ears laid back and squealing loudly. I was fortunate to be able to get the photograph.—F. M. H.

## BOGGARTS, FAIRIES, AND RUNNING WATER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see in Mr. Cornish's very pleasant article on single-span bridges, that he mentions the idea that the Devonshire "boggart," or bogey, cannot cross running water, and that the children, when out after dark, dash over a bridge to be safely away from him. May I supplement this with a very pretty fancy that the Highlanders have in Skye, and probably on the mainland too, that the "fairies"—equivalent in small malevolence to the Devonian "boggart"—are "very bad"—this is the way they speak of them, rather as if they were speaking of midges—at the running water, and that it is not safe for anyone that is grown up to go down to the running water, nor, above all, to cross it after dark? But, they say, the fairies will not touch a little child nor anyone that is with a little child. And I may mention that once, when I was staying in Skye, a tailor came from the neighbouring crofter township to do some jobs in the house. As night fell, he was anxious to go home, though his work was almost done, but he explained that he had to cross running water on his way home, so could not be out, on account of the fairies, after nightfall. He must go at once. We persuaded him, however, to stay and finish his work by getting the inn-keeper's little girl from over the road to walk home with him across the running water (we had already offered to accompany him, as a *posse*, with guns, but had been rejected as quite inefficacious). It is a pretty fancy, worthy of the vein of poetry that the Celts have.—H. G. H.

## A CORRECTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your copy of June 22nd it is stated, by an error, that Newstead Abbey has been made by "its proprietor, Mr. R. B. Webb, one of the fairest of domains." It was done by the late proprietor, Mr. W. F. Webb. The estate now belongs to Lady Chermiside, his daughter.—M. GOODLAKE.

## BOUGHTON HALL FETE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A most successful fete, and one which created great interest locally, was held at Chester on Wednesday, June 26th, in the picturesque grounds of Boughton Hall. The programme consisted of the usual items—horse jumping, turn-outs, etc. But there was one novelty which especially took the fancy of the spectators; it was the Menagerie Race. Competitors were allowed to provide any animal they liked, with the exception of a horse, pony, dog, or donkey. A cord or ribbon was attached to each animal, and they had then to be driven for a distance of about 50yds., the first past the post being the winner. Any drivers who got in front of their animals were at once disqualified. The photograph shows the Menagerie Race for children, but that for grown-up people was even more amusing. Two very robust lambs which were being driven took fright and bolted, one leaving its fair driver prostrate on the grass. Meantime, an old duck quietly waddled on and won. The photograph was taken by Mark Cook of Chester.—FORREST.

## OUTDOOR MUSHROOM CULTURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of June 22nd, in an able article on "Outdoor Mushroom Culture," there is a mistake which I must ask your courtesy to correct. It is now some years

since mushrooms were grown at the Horticultural College, Swanley, on the "old and discredited method" mentioned by your correspondent, the beds being now in the open air. Indeed, so much are the authorities impressed by the excellence of the "ridge system," that it is their intention to ask Mr. Gedney to cultivate mushrooms on a portion of the college land, so that our students may read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.—E. SIEVEKING.

## A MYSTERIOUS TREE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is seldom in modern times one hears of something that cannot be explained, but in a forest of Adelsö, an island in Lake Mälär, in Sweden, is an old fir tree stump standing alone on high ground far from any dwelling. The forest round was cut down lately, but the stump remains, an object of superstitious reverence to the peasants on the island and the many woodcutters who come to work there in the winter. There are three holes in the stump, but in only one of them is treasure found. It is unknown for anyone to have visited the stump and found the hole quite empty. It is a fact known to all on the island that if the treasure is taken away there is sure to be more a few days after. The treasure is always copper money or small articles of jewellery. Do birds steal them and hide them in the hole? If so, where can they find such things? The peasants are never known to open their windows, and there is no village or market on the island, which measures only twelve miles by three miles. The writer visited the stump for the first time on October 30th, 1900, and found four pieces of money amongst the sawdust in the hole. On each of three visits during the winter she found coins. There were no footmarks, even of birds, in the snow which was lying deep round the stump. The peasants believe it is spirits who put things in the stump, the island being full of old grave mounds; it was a settlement of the tribes in very early times; an old ruined stone fort stands on the highest point. Many curiosities are constantly being found. Quite recently a woodcutter was felling a tree, which, falling over on one side, left half its roots standing out of the ground; on one of them glittered a golden arm band. The man received a large sum for it from the National Museum in Stockholm, where the jewel may now be seen.—M. S.

## A SPARROW-TRAP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you tell me the best sort of sparrow-trap or other means of getting rid of these pests? They have almost entirely driven away the swallows and house-martins that formerly built under the eaves of this house. If you can recommend a good sparrow-trap, would you also tell me the maker to whom I should apply?—F. J. MOUNT, Archdeacon of Chichester, Burgham Vicarage, Arundel.

[Unfortunately, there is no really efficient sparrow-trap. Of course, there is the common and cruel gin, but one by one catching of these wholesale marauders is of no practical use. Then there is the trap made on the principle of the lobster pot—easy to get into but hard to get out of. As a rule this will catch a few sparrows when it first is set, but soon the clever birds learn that it is dangerous, and decline to have anything to do with it. But a good deal can be made out of the sparrows' predilection for ivy-covered walls. They roost in numbers in such places, as well as make their nests in them. For catching them at roost the plan is to have a wide net supported by two long poles. Go quietly up to the ivy where the birds have been observed to roost—of course, after they have settled in at night—then, clapping the net over the ivy, you have the birds in the net as they try to fly out. In this way you may catch many. Or, again, you may take advantage of the sparrows' propensity to crowd together over a handful of corn. If you throw down a handful of oats in the yard and station a man with a gun loaded with small shot in an outhouse, he will often get a chance to "pot" a good many at a shot as they cluster round the oats. But this trick can only be played at the same spot about once in three days, for the birds get very suspicious. The most severe harrying of all may be done in the nesting season. It may be done most effectually, if your heart is hard enough to let you do it, by giving instructions that all sparrows' nests (and the ivy-covered walls and trees, again, are the great places for them) are to be left until the young birds are nearly ready to fly. If the nests be harried at an early stage it only means that the parents go away and breed somewhere else. It is horrid to have to suggest such slaughter of the innocents; but the innocents, unhappily, grow guilty so soon that one has to take drastic measures. It should always be remembered, after a successful pot shot, or a good bag in the net, that sparrow pie is excellent.—ED.]

